

NO 14

AUG.-SEPT.

IND

GOONIE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

WELL,
WOT'S SO
FUNNY?

9th
THIS ISSUE:
COOKIE
SWEARS OFF
GIRLS...
AND THE
FUN
STARTS!





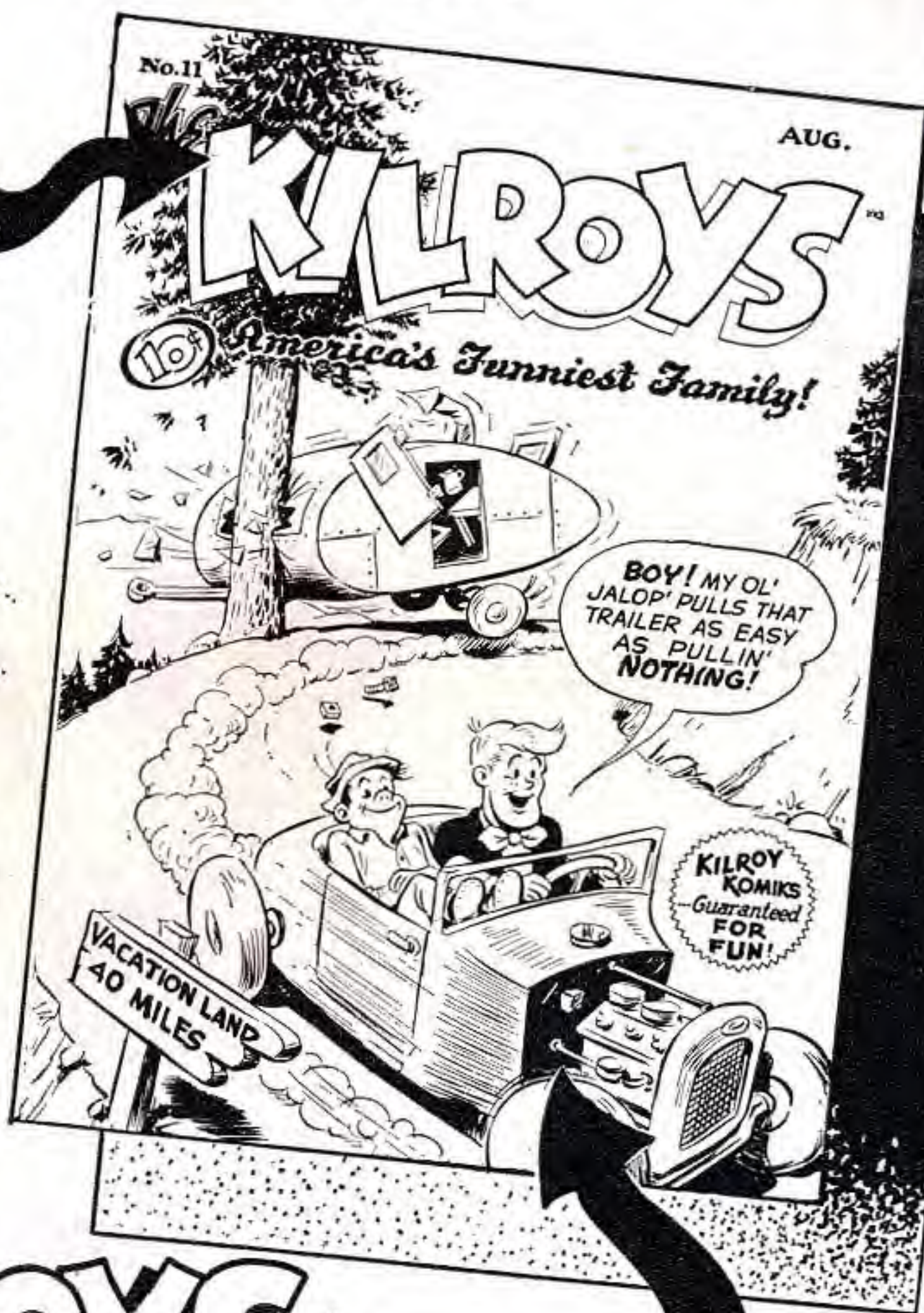
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-
TURVY!

the KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-
AGER! MEET **JUDY**, HIS LITTLE
LOVIN' OVEN... **JACKSON**, THE
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN
PERSON!
THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT
TO SAY **KILROY WAS
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read The KILROYS

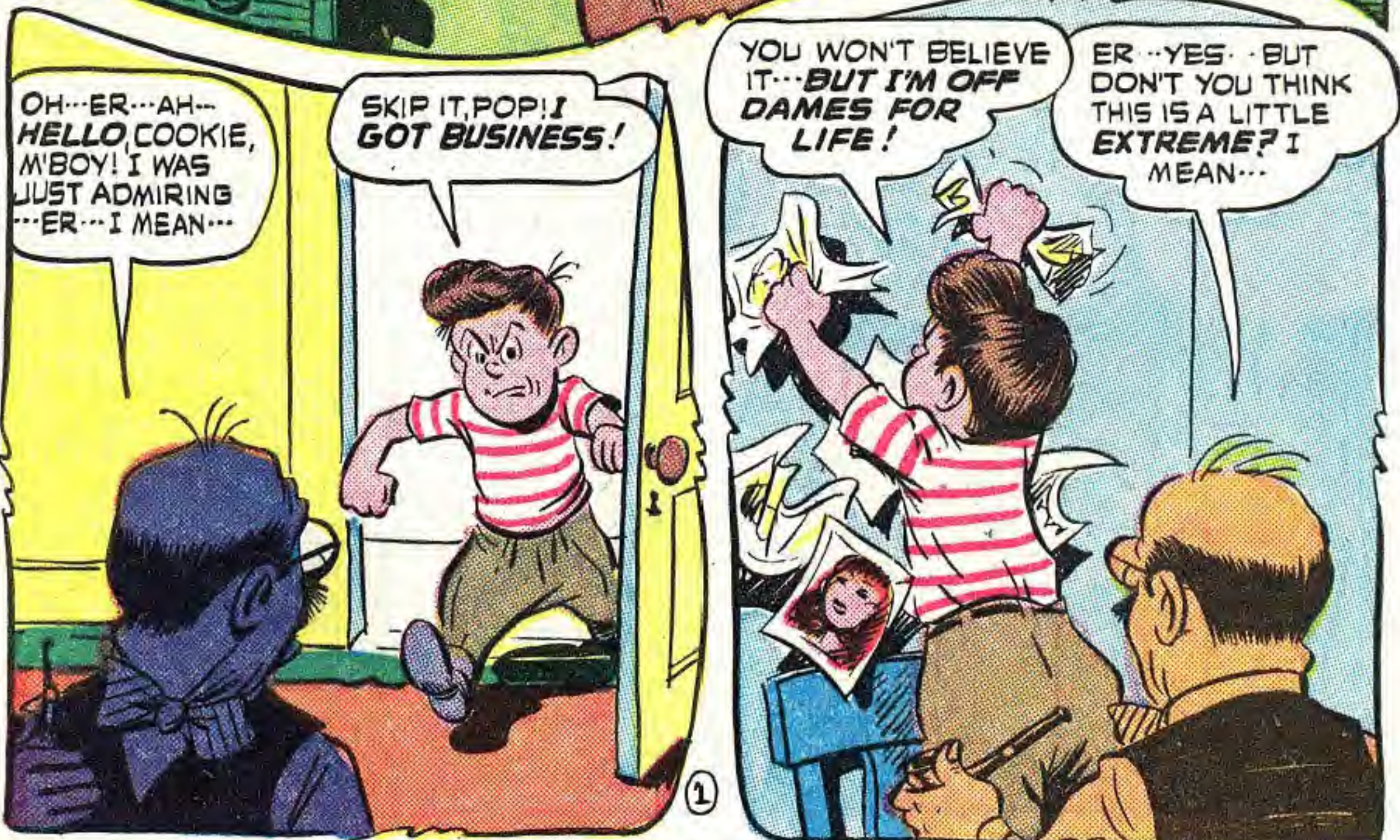
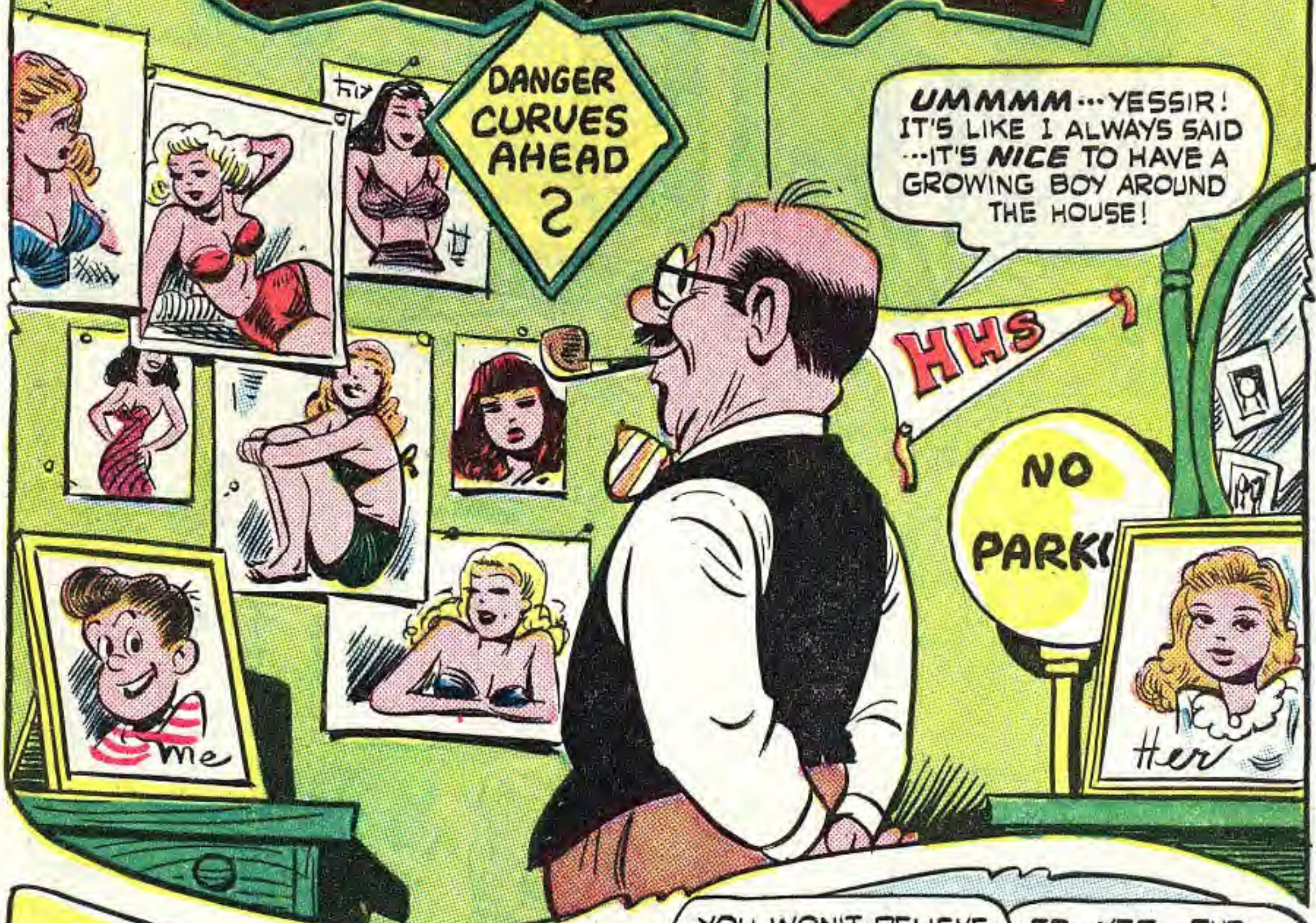
America's Funniest Family!



ON ALL
STANDS and

YOU'D BETTER
HURRY!

COOKIE



NO SIR! I'VE JUST COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THERE HASTA BE SUMP'N FOR ME IN LIFE BESIDES JANES, JUKE JOINTS, JALOPIES, JIVE...

BUT...

-- BUT SHOULDN'T YOU TAKE TIME TO THINK THIS OVER...?

UH-UH! SUMP'N HAPPENED THIS A.M. WHICH MADE ME REALIZE WOTTA JERK I'VE BEEN!

COME, COME! IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THAT BAD!

YEAH? LISTEN! I WENT FOR A SWIM AT THE COMMUNITY POOL...

I'M DOIN' MY USUAL FANCY STUFF...

"...AND, OF COURSE, ALL THE CHICKS THINK I'M SLIGHTLY 'TERRIF'!"

HE'S THE BEST DIVER IN THE CROWD!

OH, COOKIE! WILL YOU GIVE ME A FEW LESSONS?

"THEN THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER REARS ITS CURLY HEAD!"

BALONEY!

WOT THEY SEE IN THAT DOPE...

DIDJA HEAR THAT THEY WANNA MAKE HIM A LIFE GUARD? HUH, ZOOT?

TO DRAIN POOL, TURN THIS VALVE

ER OH, LET
HIM
**RELAX! HERE,
COOKIE... HAVE
A SANDWICH!**



HALP!



**WOT
THE...!!**



DOPE!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

GOODNESS! WHAT HAPPENED?

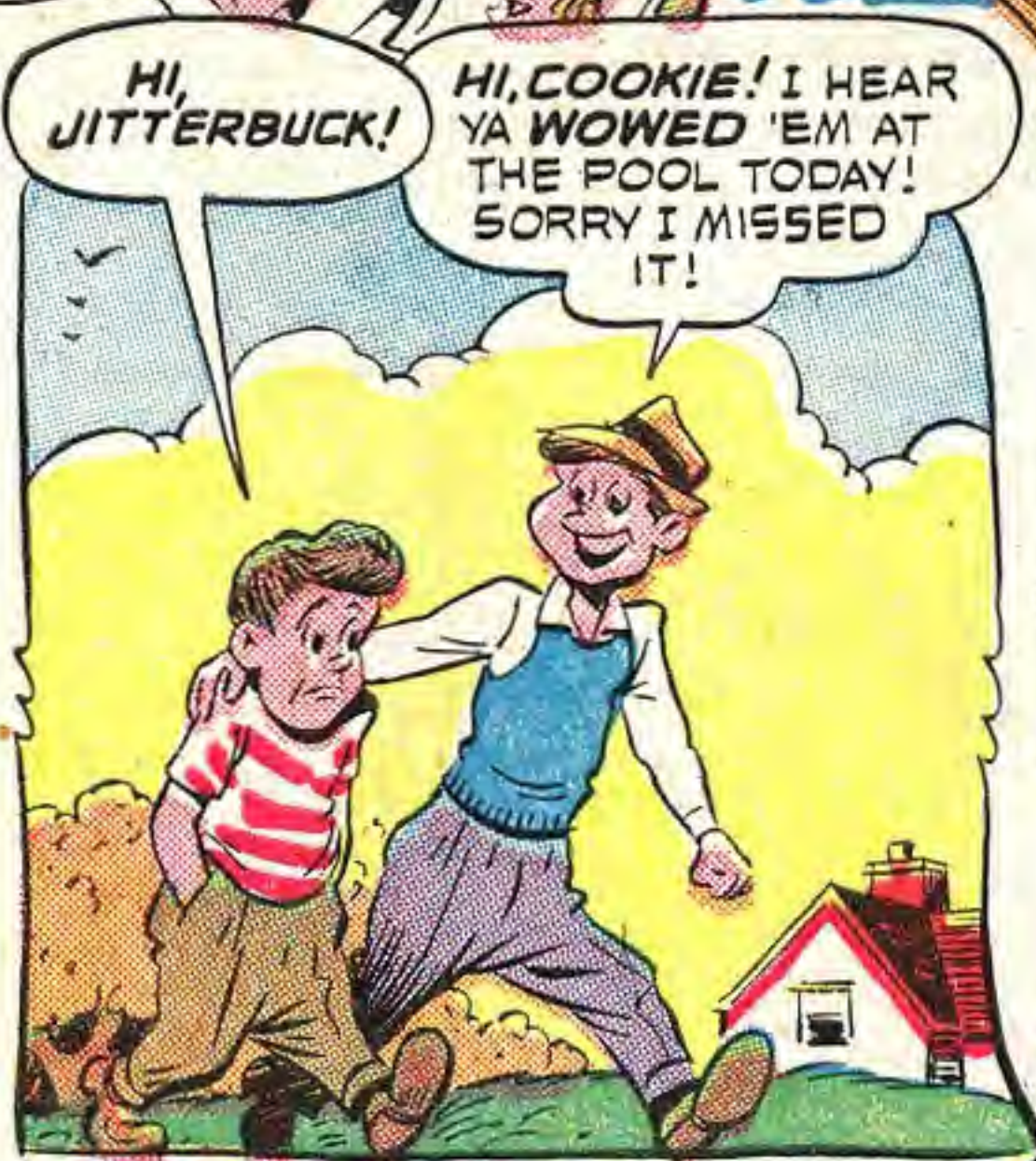
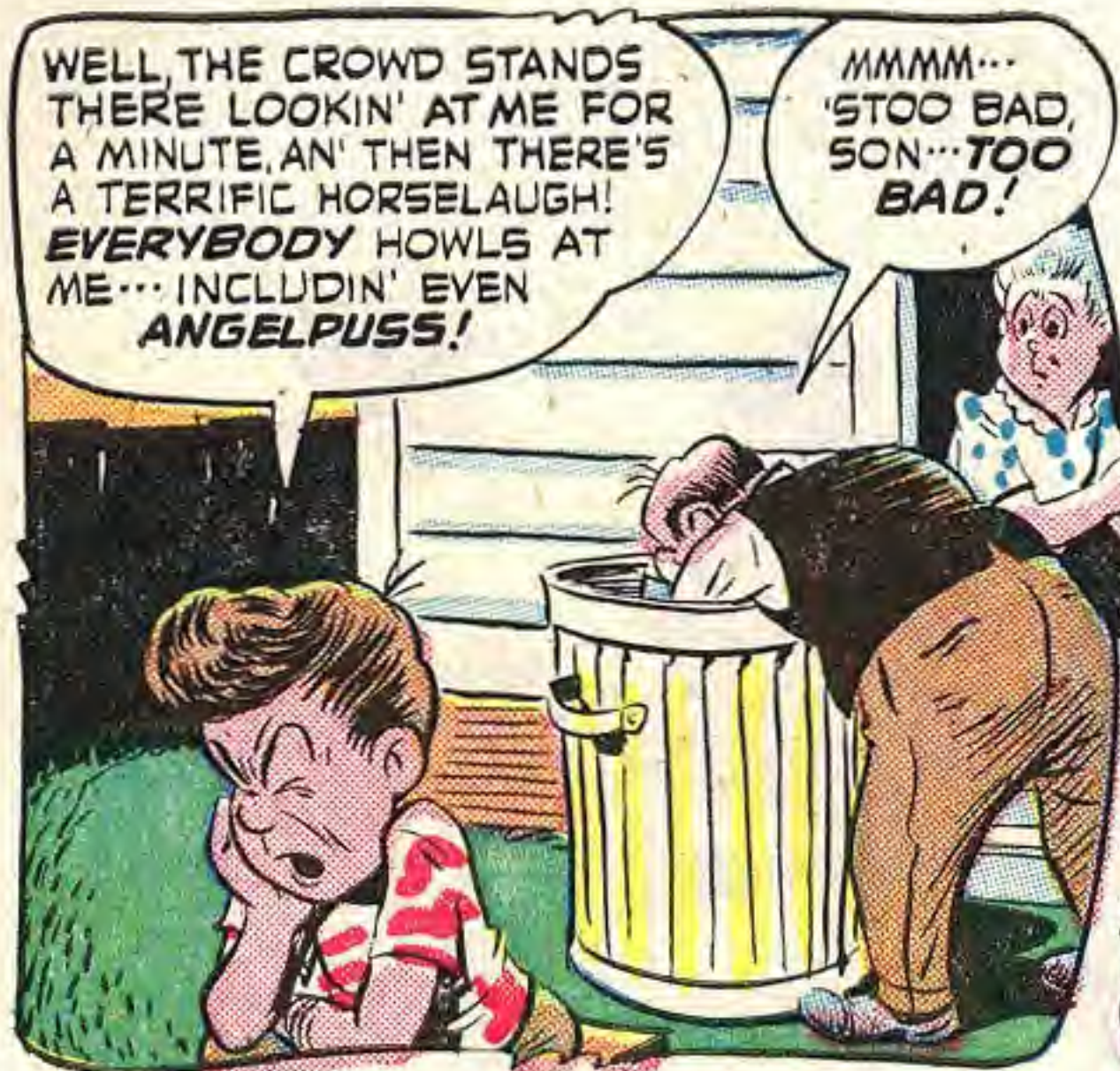
CRASH!

WODDEYA TRYIN' TA DO? SHOW OFF, HUH?

BOY, THAT WUZ A GOOD JOKE, ZOOT!

YEAH... A DRY JOKE! HA-HA!

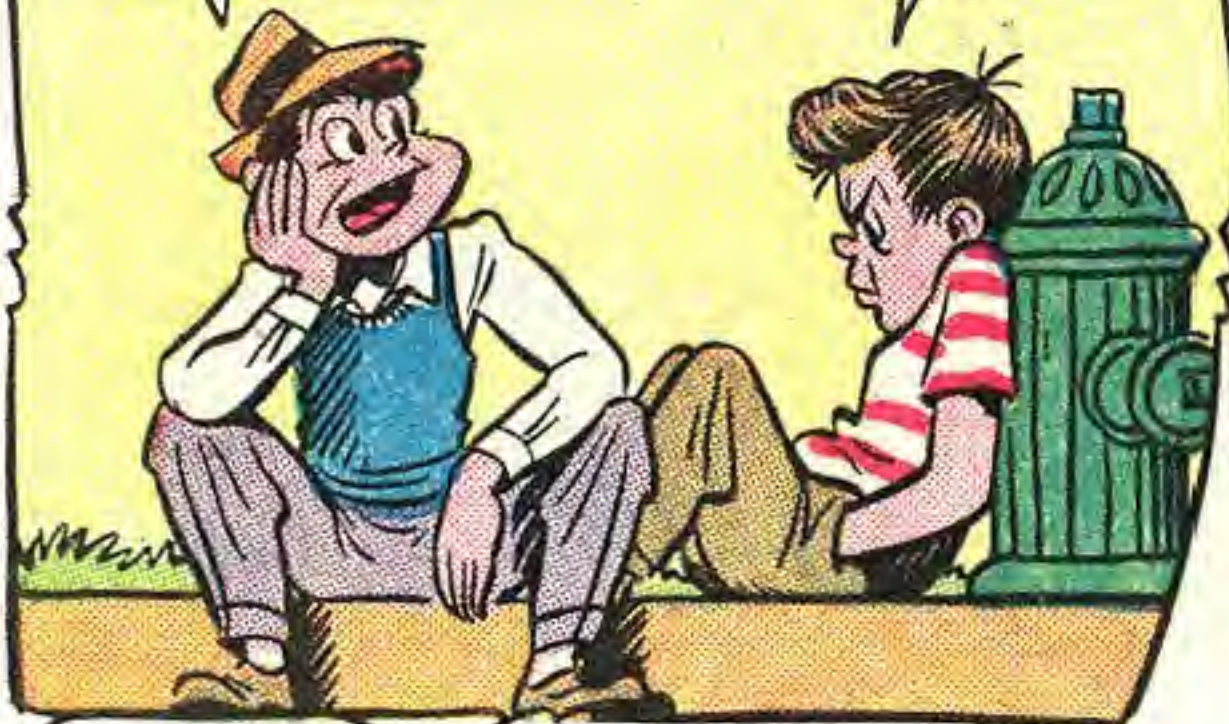
LIFE GUARD



SO COOKIE TELLS THE STORY AGAIN, AND...

AW, QUIT KIDDIN'! **YOU** COULD NEVER BE OFF DAMES! C'MON, LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES AN' SEE THAT NEW GLAMOR CHICK IN...

UH-UH...NOT **ME!** FROM NOW ON, I'M SPENDIN' ALL MY TIME AS FAR AWAY FROM CHICKS AS POSSIBLE!



HODDEYA LIKE **THAT!**

OH, WELL! WE CAN STILL GO TO A BALL-GAME!



DON'TCHA SEE, KID? IT'S A HARD GAME TA BEAT! WIMMEN ARE LIKE **FORDS**...THEY'RE **EVERYWHERE!**

SO WHY DON'TCHA GIVE UP?

NOPE!

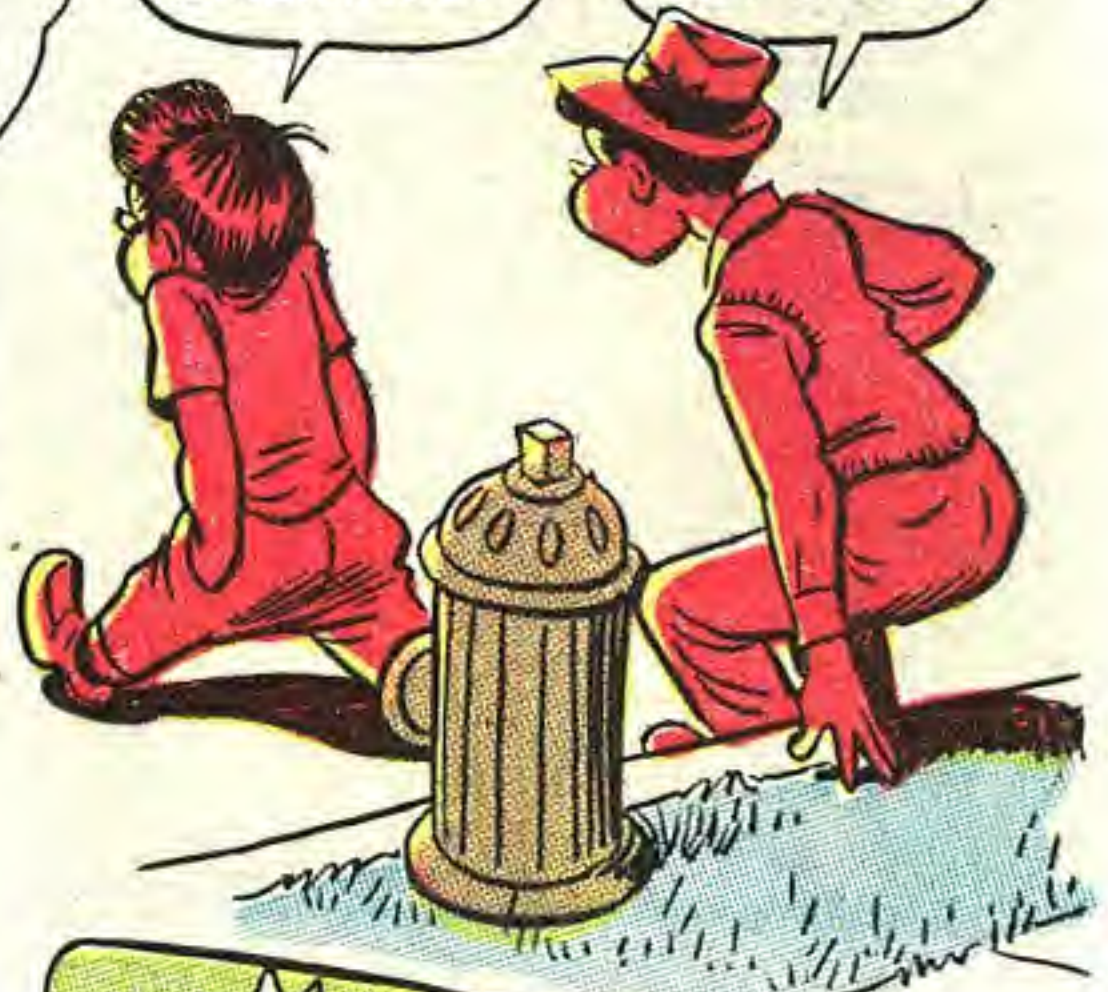
EXIT

GAME TODAY



...AN' I'LL START BY GOIN' TA SHOOT A GAME OF **BILLIARDS!**

WAIT! IF YOU CAN TAKE IT, I CAN TOO! **LET'S GO!**



HIT IT, YA DOPE!



I GOT IT! TONIGHT I'M GOIN' TO THE ARENA TO SEE THE **WRESTLING MATCHES!**

COULD BE THE SPOT!...THAT RACKET ISN'T TOO POPULAR WITH THE DAMES!



SO... THAT NIGHT...

BOY, THIS IS MORE
LIKE IT! THERE
CAN'T BE MORE'N
A DOZEN DAMES
IN THE HOUSE!

YEH...
**HEY!
LOOK!**

WOTTA REVOLTIN'
DEVELOPMENT
**THIS IS! LET'S
GO!**

**SEE? IT'S
LIKE I SAID!**

HOLD IT...
**THERE'S
ZOOT!**

TAKE IT
**EASY,
COOKIE!**

**YOU BIG...
I'LL... WHY,
YOU...**

LIKE JIT SAYS...
EASY, KID! BEFORE
YOU START SWINGIN'
THOSE FISTS, YOU
BETTER GO OVER
TO THE GYM AN'
DEVELOP ENOUGH
MUSCLE TA **LIFT**
'EM FIRST!

**LEMME
GO! I'LL...**

HEY, WAIT! HE
MENTIONED THE
GYM!

SO
WOT?

SO IF YOU WANNA GET AWAY
FROM **FEMMES**... WOT BETTER
PLACE THAN AT THE GOOD OL'
ATHLETIC CLUB?... C'MON!

WELL, HERE WE ARE!
HERE WE CAN BE
AMONG **MEN**!

LET'S GET IN!
I'M GETTIN' BORED
WITH **OUTSIDE**
SCENERY!

YA KNOW, I REALLY
HAD ALL THE EXERCISE
I CAN USE FOR ONE
DAY!

OKAY...SO WE
RELAX! WE SWEAT
OUT OUR CARES IN
THE STEAM ROOM...
THEN A COLD SHOWER
AN' A LITTLE LOAFING
IN THE LOUNGE!

WHO KNOWS
...THIS MIGHT
BE A **SWELL**
WAY TA LIVE!

YEAH...AN'
NO WIMMEN!

EEEEEEEEK! MEN!

STEAM ROOM

AFTER THEM,
MABEL! THE
BRUTES!

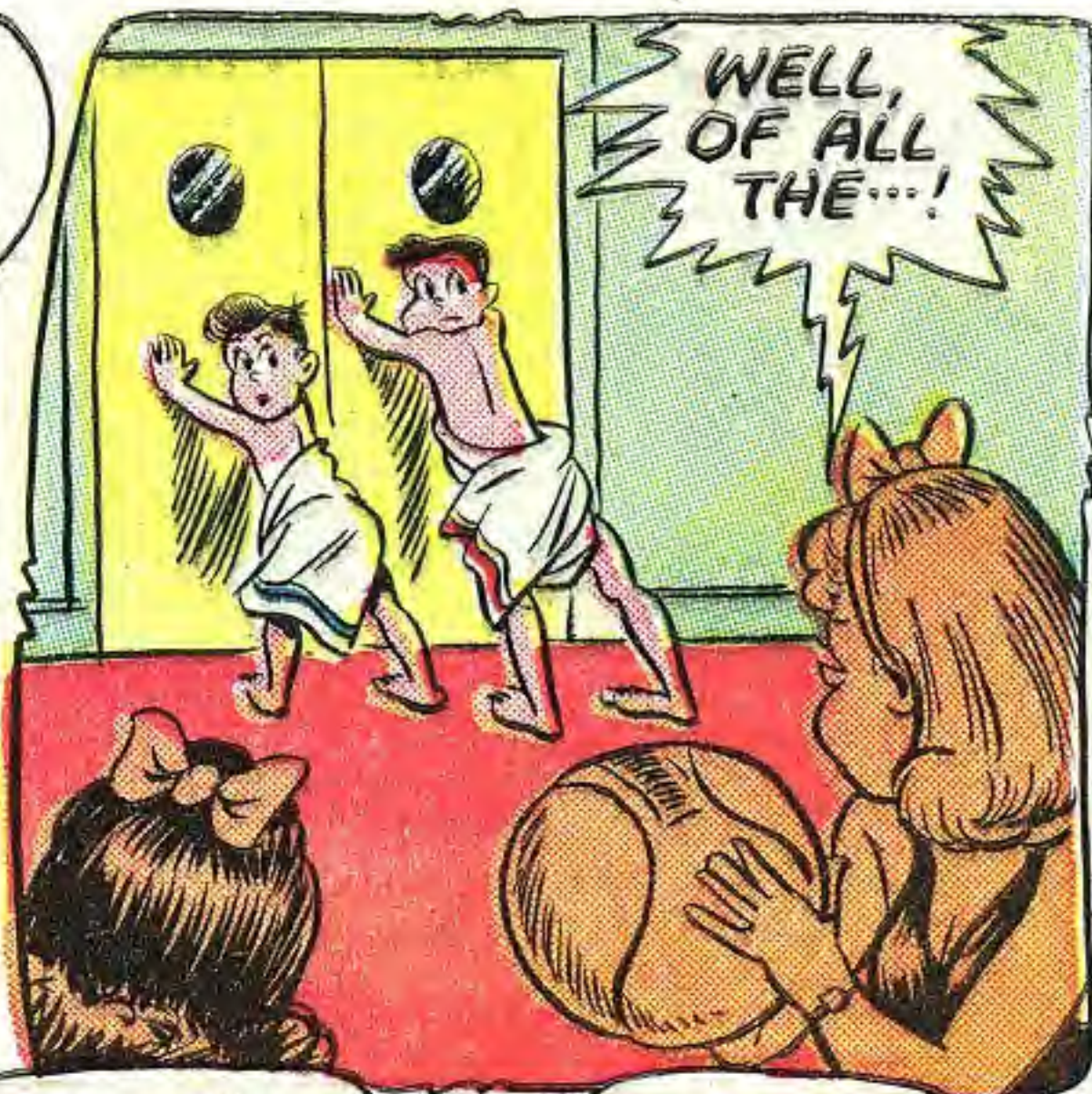
YOU...YOU
FIENDS!...OUT!
GET OUT!

W-WOT
HAPPENED?

I...I DUNNO! BUT
I HOPE IT'S JUST
A BAD DREAM!



QUICK!
DUCK
INTO THE
GYM!



WELL,
OF ALL
THE...!

GET 'EM,
GIRLS!

CALL THE
POLICE!

OH-HHHH! IT...
IT MUST BE LADIES'
NIGHT! ISN'T THERE
ANYWHERE WE CAN
GET AWAY FROM
'EM?

I GOT IT!
QUICK...INTO
THE TROPHY
ROOM!

BAM!

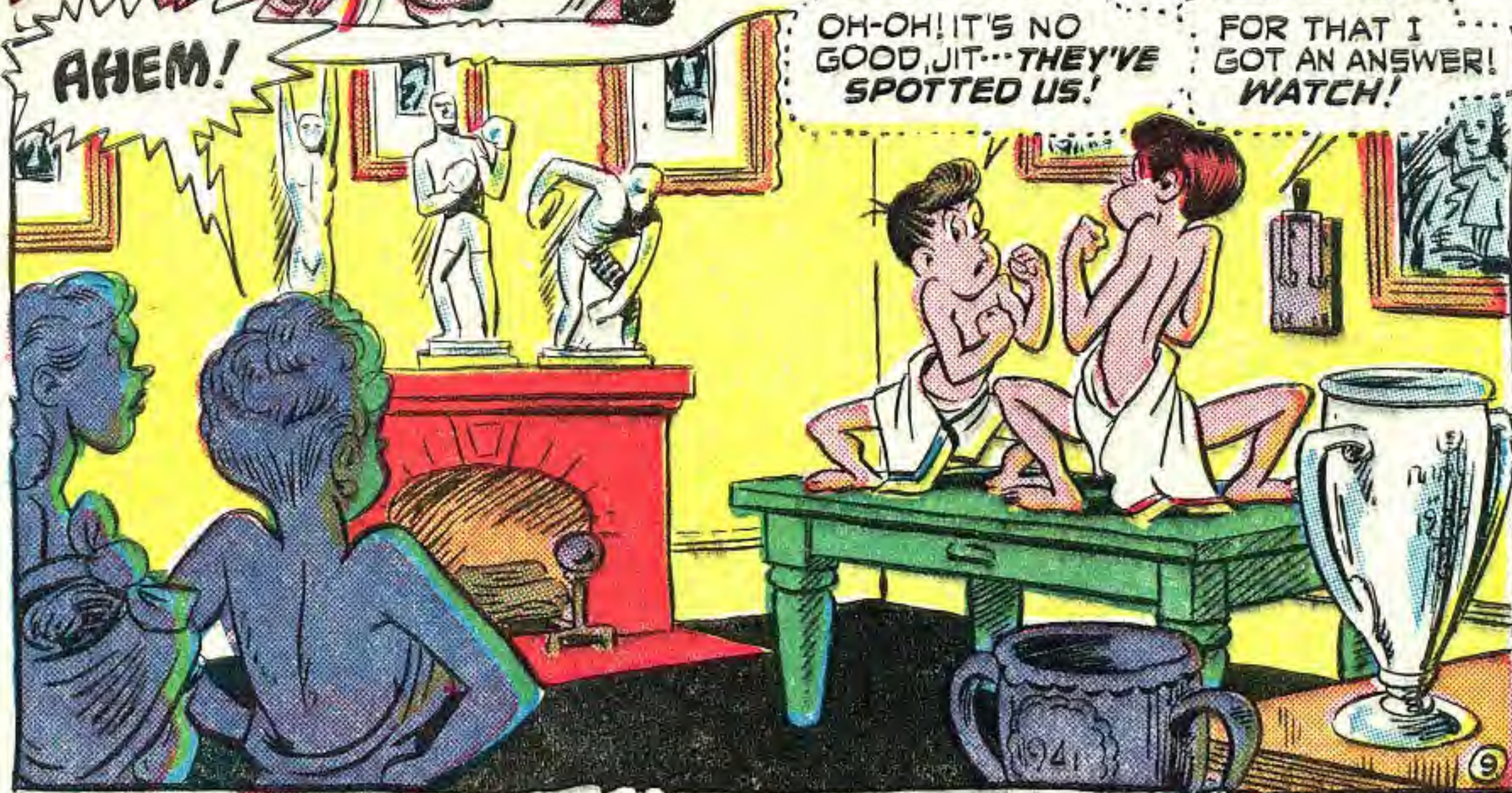
BOOM!



AHEM!

OH-OH! IT'S NO
GOOD, JIT...THEY'VE
SPOTTED US!

FOR THAT I ...
GOT AN ANSWER!
WATCH!



EEEEK!
THE
LIGHTS!

WOT
HAPPENED,
JIT?

I JUST THREW
THE MAIN SWITCH!
NOW QUICK, COOKIE
...LET'S DUCK
BACK TO THE
LOCKER ROOM!

ON THE DOUBLE!
WE GOTTA GET
DRESSED AN'
OUTTA HERE
BEFORE THE
COPS ARRIVE!

WELL, WOT
ARE YA
WAITIN'
FOR?

I'M ALL DRESSED,
COOK! HOW'RE
YOU DOIN'?

OKAY... BUT MY CLOTHES
FEEL KINDA **FUNNY**, YA
SEE, I NEVER DRESSED
IN THE DARK BEFORE!

TAKE IT EASY,
NOW! I THINK
WE'LL MAKE
IT...

YEAH! WE'RE
ALMOST TO
THE STREET!

OW!
LIGHTS!

YOU CAN SAY
"OW" AGAIN!
LOOK AT US!

JEEPERS
CREEPERS! WHAT
THE WELL-DRESSED
GIRL WILL WEAR!

OPEN UP! WOT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE INNYWAY?

ULP!
...THE LAW!

MUSS UP YOUR WIG! MAKE LIKE A CHICK, QUICK!

SOMEBODY CALLED HEADQUARTERS AN' SAID THERE WUZ PEEPIN' TOMS IN THE JOINT!

IT WUZ HIM...I MEAN HER WHO CALLED, OFFICER! IT WUZ TERRIBLE! THERE WE WUZ, PRACTICALLY AU NATUREL...

WHY, YOU TWO PHONIES!

ULP!
...ZOOT!

AN' WHO ARE YOU, BUTTIN' IN LIKE THIS?

HE'S TOM, OFFICER...I MEAN, ONE OF THE PEEPING TOMS!

WELL, NOW, SONNY...

...SUPPOSIN' YA COME ALONG WITH ME! WHERE DID YER ACCOMPLICE GET TO? SPEAK UP!

GET GOIN', JIT!

COOKIE, THAT WUZ AN INSPIRATION!

BUT I SWEAR, SIR...THEY'RE LYING! THEY'RE REALLY FELLAS...DRESSED UP LIKE DAMES!

IT'S DUPED I'VE BEEN, THE SCAMPS! HEY, YOU...STOP!

HE'S AFTER US!
ZOOT TALKED HIS
WAY OUT OF IT!

PRAY FOR
A MIRACLE,
COOKIE!

STOP, IN
THE NAME
OF THE
LAW!

POP!

COOKIE!
WHAT IN...?



SH-HHH, POP! M-MAKE
LIKE YOU'RE OUT WITH
A COUPLA **BOBBY-
SOXERS!**

BUT...

PLEASE,
MR. O'TOOLE!

IT'S NOT *THEM*...THEY'RE
WITH AN OLD GENT! NOW,
WHERE *DID* THOSE TWO
GIT TO?



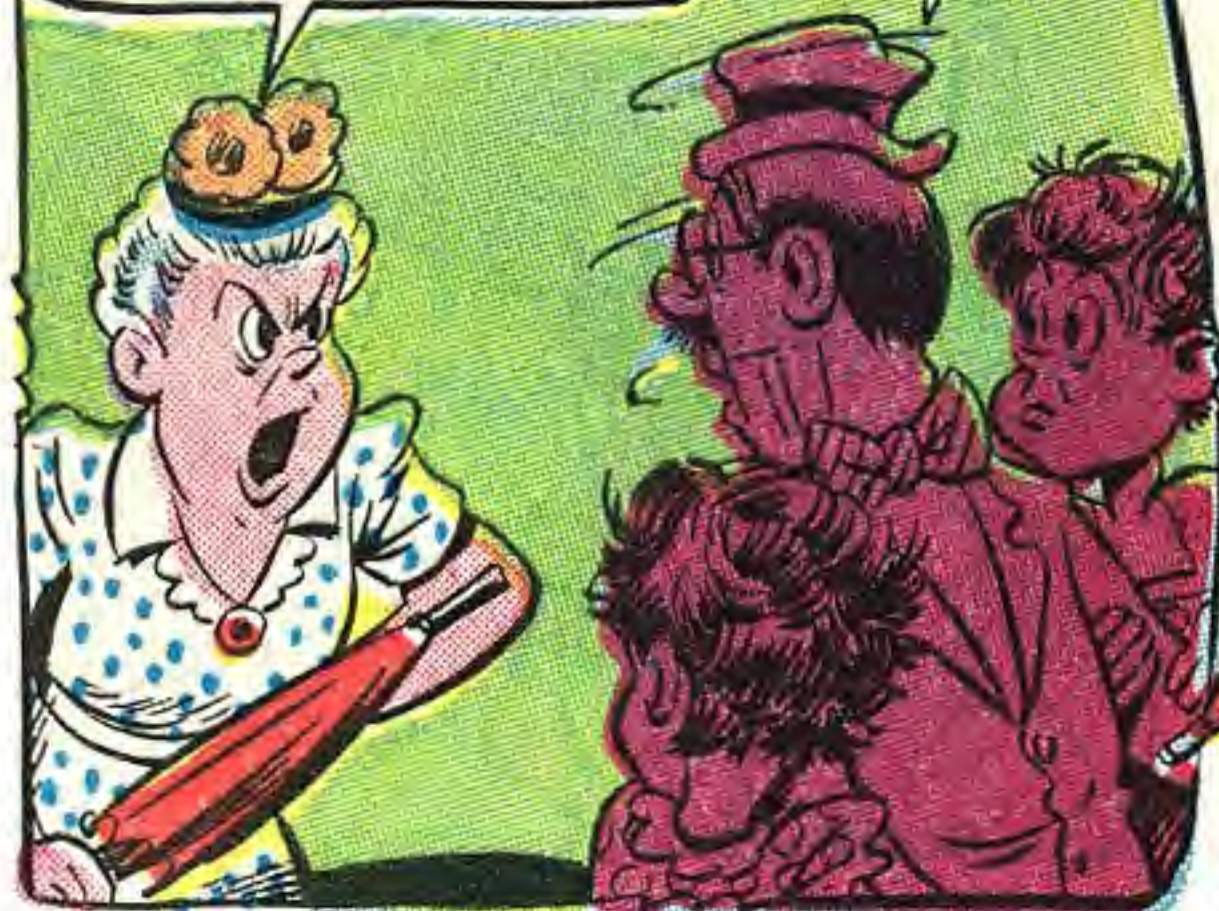
SO, YOU WORM! I CAN'T
LEAVE YOU FOR A *MINUTE*
THAT I DON'T FIND YOU
FLIRTING! YOU... YOU...

B-BUT...



YOU OLD
CASANOVA,
YOU!

MOM...
PLEASE!
IT'S ME!



LATER...

WELL?

IT'S OKAY, POP... I WON'T BE BOTHERIN' YA MUCH LONGER! I'M GETTIN' AWAY FROM IT ALL! I'M GOIN' TO A PLACE WHERE THERE ARE NO GIRLS! I'M ASKIN' ADMIRAL BYRD TO TAKE ME WITH HIM ON HIS NEXT TRIP TO THE SOUTH POLE!

...ASK HIM IF HE CAN TAKE ME, TOO!

WELL, ANYWAY... HERE'S **ONE** SPOT WHERE THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES CAN'T BOTHER ME!
HO-HUM...

·13·14·15·16·17
·18·19·20·21·

HI, SHORTY!

A GUY CAN'T EVEN DREAM, CAN HE?

The
END!

Conscience TROUBLE

JITTERBUCK JONES, in the phone booth of the Soda Jerkerie, was saying goodbye to Cookie. "Yah, yah, Cook," he said. "Sure, you bet. See ya t'morrow. So long!"

As he placed the receiver back in the hook, there was a little metallic sound, and then the delightful ring of a nickel rolling back into the box. Jit looked at the coin, hesitated, and then closed his fingers over it.

"Whaddaya know," he exulted silently, "I made my call and my nickel came back. Pure gravy!"

Furtively, he slipped the nickel into his pants pocket, eased out of the phone booth and out of the Soda Jerkerie. His conscience was beginning to bother him slightly, for he knew the nickel was not rightfully his.

In the street, he broke into a nervous trot, hoping to get as far away as he could from the scene of his crime. The more he thought about it, the faster he ran.

Suddenly, a deep voice behind him growled, "Hey, you! Young fella! Wait . . . stop running!"

Jit threw a panicky glance behind him . . . and ran faster. For there, waving and shouting to him, was a policeman!

The nickel in his trouser pocket felt like a ton of bricks as Jit put on some more steam. Puffing and panting, he turned corners, cut across back yards and vaulted fences as he tried to make his escape.

Behind him, still shouting and waving, came the policeman.

With a final burst of energy, Jitterbuck sprang up the front steps of his own house and sank into the porch hammock. "Home, sweet home!" he wheezed. "Safe at last!"

And then, to his horror, he saw the blue-coated policeman walking up the front walk towards him. "Hey, you," the cop demanded. "What's the—"

Jitterbuck moaned. "Okay," he said, "I give up. Here's the nickel back!"

"*What* nickel?" the astonished policeman asked. "Ya dropped these schoolbooks while ya were runnin' out of the Soda Jerkerie. *Here!*"

Speechlessly, Jitterbuck received the textbooks. He was too worn out to say "Thank you." The only feeling he had was one of complete exhaustion . . . plus a smattering of conscience trouble.

"Gosh," he thought, "it's terrible ta have somethin dishonest on yer mind. It makes ya feel kinda rotten all the time. Ya think people are suspectin' ya. Guess there's only one thing fer me ta do!"

Jit took the nickel from his pocket and slipped it into an envelope. On the envelope, he wrote the address of the telephone company. Then, putting a three-cent stamp on it, he dropped it in the corner mailbox.

As the envelope slid out of sight, Jitterbuck Jones squared his shoulders and drew a deep breath. "I feel *much better* now!" he said.

The GIRL FRIEND



DEBBIE WAS HAVING THE TIME OF HER TEEN-AGE LIFE SINGING WITH THE SCHOOL BAND...UNTIL THE BANDWAGON WAS UPSET BY ONE OF THE MOST LAUGH-PACKED EXPERIENCES SHE EVER HAD! ...IT'S ALL YOURS, READER!

OH, PICKLES... I'VE BEEN CHOSEN VOCALIST WITH THE SCHOOL BAND!

SOLID, GROOVE GAL! THEN YOU'LL BE WARBLIN' WHILE I PLAY THE DRUMS!

AN' ROMEO RAVELLI CAN'T DANCE WITH YOU!

DID YOU HEAR, ROMEO? **DEBBIE** BEAT ME OUT AS VOCALIST WITH THE BAND!

DON'T THROW IN THE TOWEL YET, KEWPIE! ROMEO'S KEEN BEAN ALWAYS FIGURES NEW ANGLES, YOU KNOW!



DEBBIE WON IN FAIR COMPETITION... BUT PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, AND YOU CAN STILL BE THE LUSH-THRUSH TONIGHT!



WELL, LEMME KNOW, ROMEO! WHAT'S THE ANGLE?

HEH-HEH... HAVE I GOT AN IDEA! LISTEN CLOSELY...



That night!

DEBBIE, YOU'RE GOING OVER LIKE A JET-JOB!



OH, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE DEBBIE'S HOUSE...

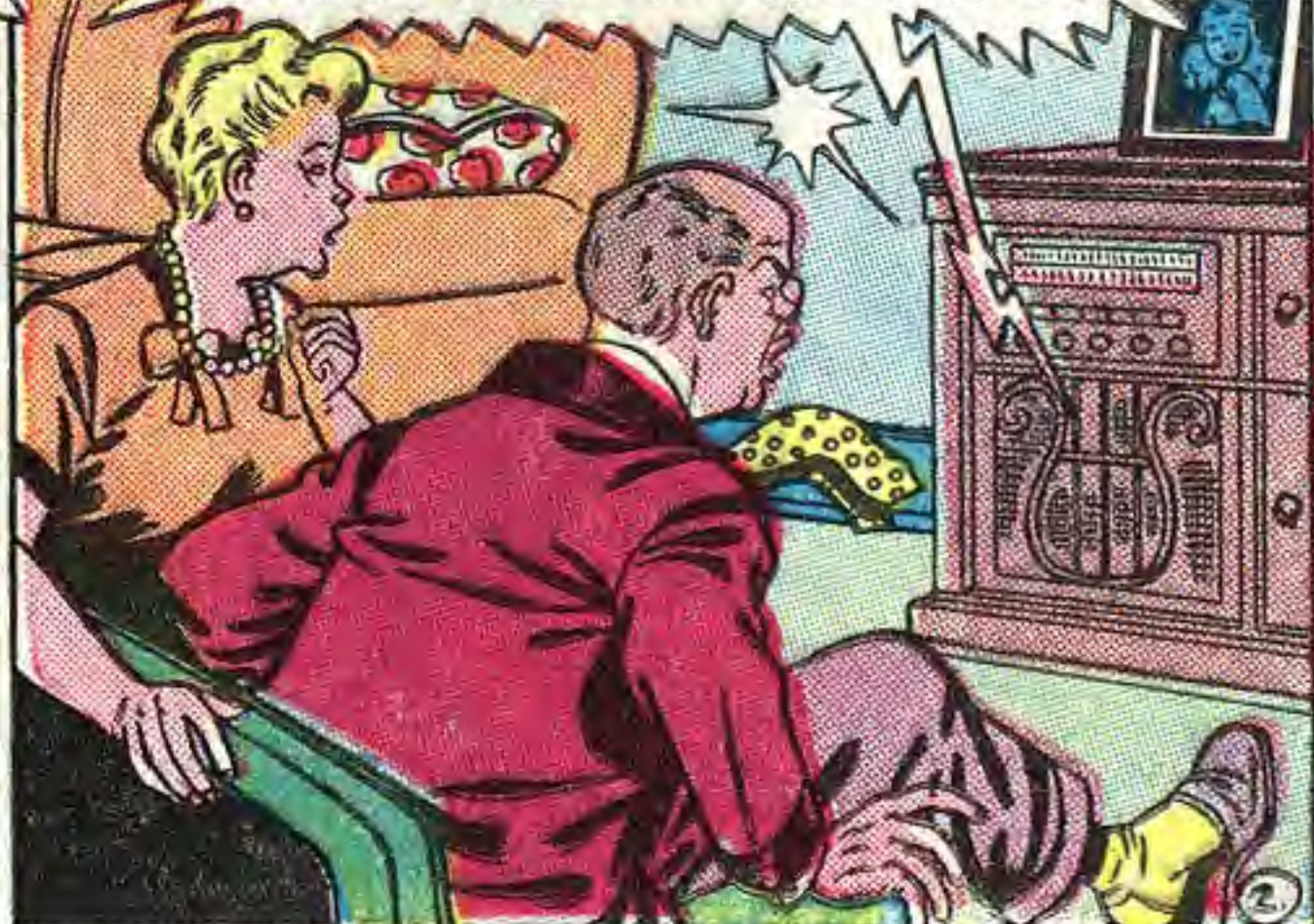
WHEN I HOOK ONTO DEBBIE'S AERIAL, MY PLAN GOES INTO HIGH GEAR... HEH-HEH!... THEN WATCH DEBBIE VACATE THE BANDSTAND!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL BULLETIN! THE JUNIOR HOP AT TEEN-TOWN HIGH HAS TURNED INTO A BRAWL!



...LOCAL HEPCATS, DISSATISFIED WITH THE RENDITIONS OF DEBBIE, THE BAND VOCALIST, SHOUTED THE SINGER FROM THE BANDSTAND!





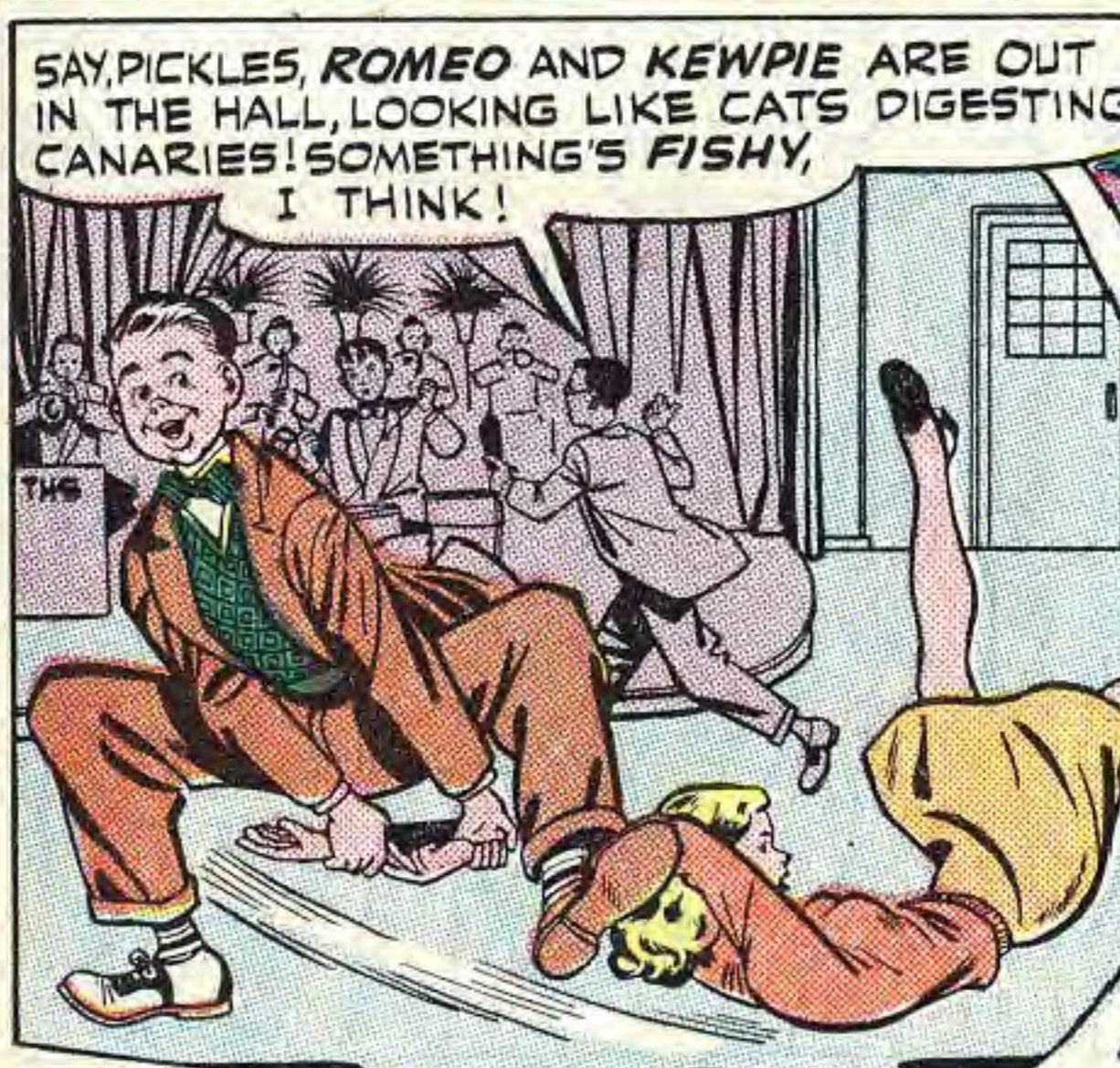
THEY CAN'T INSULT MY DAUGHTER LIKE THAT!...MARY, GET DEBBIE ON THE PHONE...AND TELL HER TO COME RIGHT HOME!

HAH! IT WORKED!



DEBBIE! WHERE YA GOING?

MY MOTHER CALLED ALL EXCITED...I HAVE TO GO HOME IMMEDIATELY!



SAY, PICKLES, ROMEO AND KEWPIE ARE OUT IN THE HALL, LOOKING LIKE CATS DIGESTING CANARIES! SOMETHING'S FISHY, I THINK!



HMM...I'LL BET YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! TAKE OVER THE DRUMS WHILE I DASH OVER TO DEBBIE'S FOR A LOOK-SEE!



WELL, YOU'RE ALL SET TO START VOCALIZING, KEWPIE!

NOW I'VE GOT TO GET DEBBIE BACK TO THE DANCE...SO I CAN MAKE SOME TIME WITH HER!



AH, ROMEO, YOU KEEN TEEN, YOUR OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU DISGUISED AS A PROFESSOR!...CHUCKLE...HERE GOES!

GOOD EVENING, SIR! I'M PROFESSOR MARX, THE HORTICULTURALIST AT TEEN-TOWN HIGH!

COME IN, PROFESSOR!

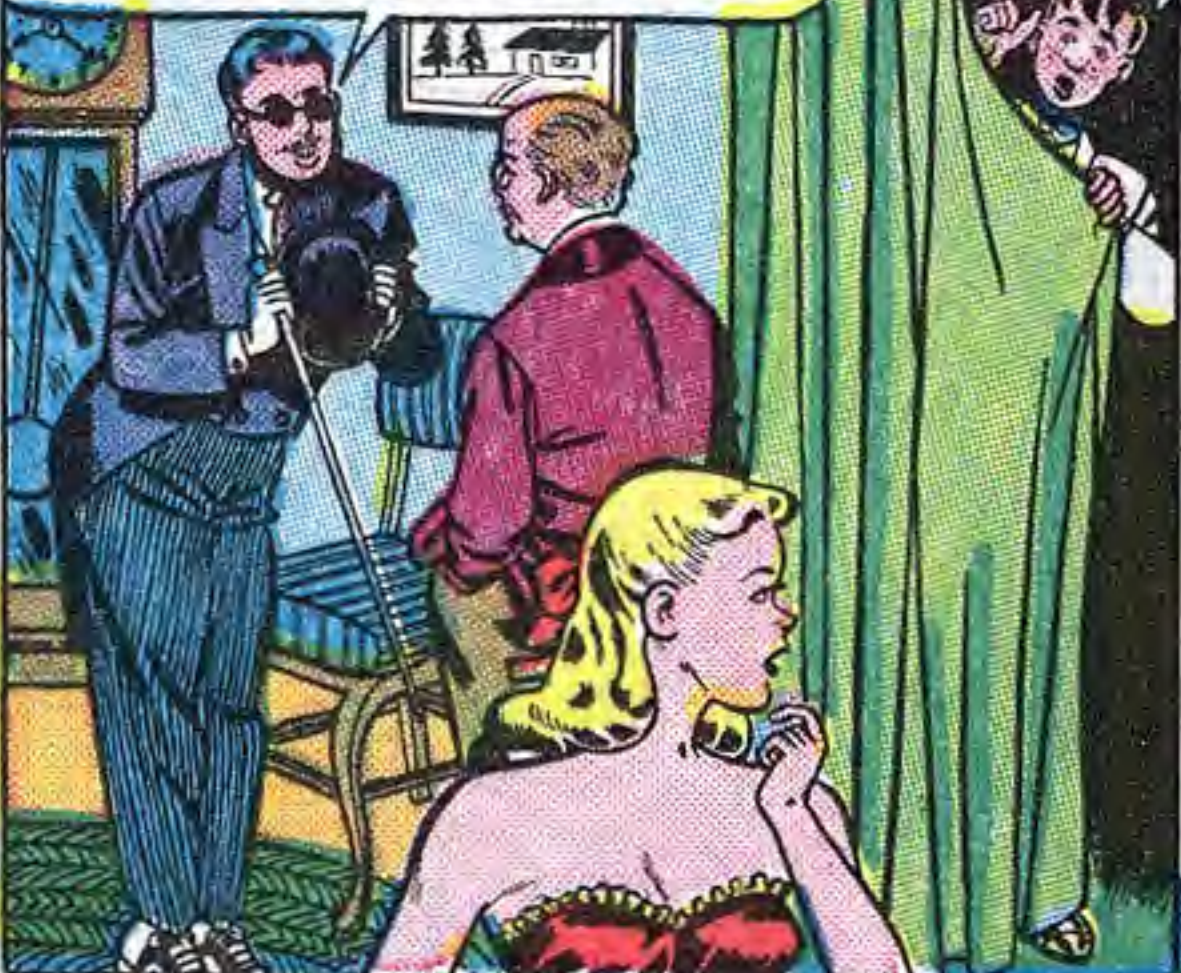


I WISH TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE MANNER IN WHICH YOUR DAUGHTER'S SINGING WAS RECEIVED BY THE STUDENT BODY...



PLEASE ALLOW ME TO ESCORT HER BACK TO THE DANCE!

PSST, DEBBIE!

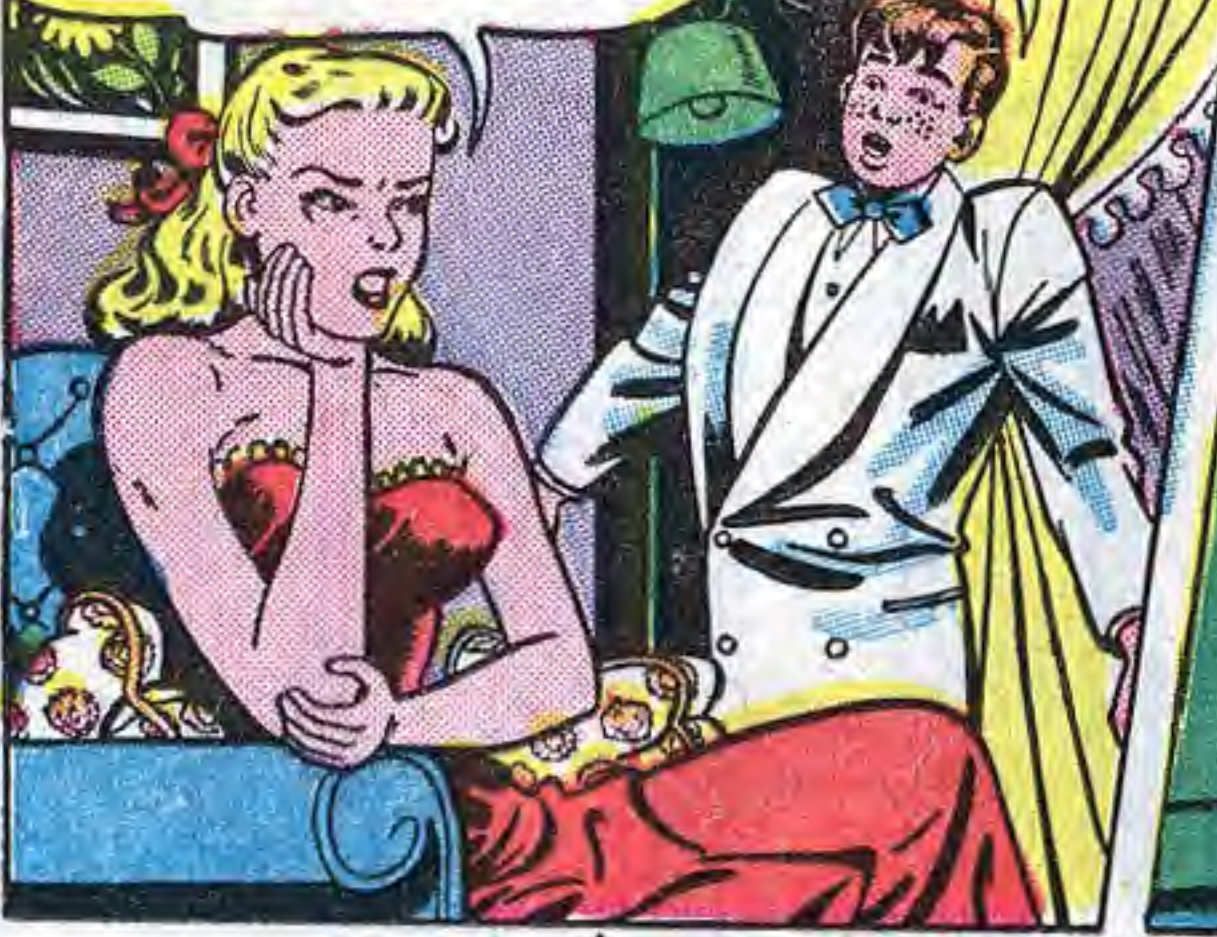


PICKLES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I'M SUPERSLEUTHING, DEBBIE! WHAT'S GOING ON?



BEATS ME! MY FOLKS ARE ALL UPSET OVER A BROADCAST THAT CLAIMED I WAS A FLOP AT THE DANCE!

BUT, DEBBIE! YOU WERE TERRIFIC!



THAT'S WHAT I WAS TELLING MY FOLKS WHEN THIS FOSSIL WITH CHIN-FUNGUS BUSTED IN!!



SAY! DID YOU EVER SEE A PROFESSOR WITH SADDLE SHOES...AND SOCKS LIKE THAT? HMM...YOU'RE RIGHT, DEBBIE! THE GUY'S A PHONEY...BUT HOW CAN WE EXPOSE HIM?



HE CLAIMS HE'S A HORTICULTURALIST! I'LL ASK HIM SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT FLOWERS...MAYBE THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!



OH, PARDON ME, PROFESSOR... BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE ZINNIAS?



MY DEAR GIRL, THOSE ZINNIAS ARE AMONG THE FINEST I'VE EVER SEEN!



BUT, PROFESSOR! THESE ZINNIAS HAPPEN TO BE PLAIN, ORDINARY DAISIES!



THAT DOES IT! OUR HUNCH IS CONFIRMED!... NOW WHO COULD THIS FAKER BE?



I'VE GOT IT! THERE ARE ONLY TWO GUYS IN TOWN WITH ENOUGH NERVE TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS... I'M ONE OF THEM AND THE OTHER IS ROMEO RAVELLI!



NOW TO MAKE HIM SHOW HIS HAND... OOPS! WHAT'S THIS?



HMM...VERY INTERESTING! A MIKE, HOOKED UP WITH DEBBIE'S RADIO!... THAT EXPLAINS THE PHONEY BROADCAST! MAYBE I CAN USE THIS TO SMOKE OUT ROMEO!



FLASH!...THE RAVELLI RESIDENCE IS A BLAZING INFERNO! ALL FAMILY MEMBERS SHOULD RETURN HOME AND SALVAGE THEIR PERSONAL BELONGINGS!



SEE, DEBBIE? ...IT'S ROMEO RAVELLI!

THEN HE WAS BEHIND THIS WHOLE SCHEME!



WELL, YOU KIDS GET BACK TO THE DANCE...WE'LL DEFROST ROMEO! ...HAVE FUN!



More roars with DEBBIE in the NEXT ISSUE!

COOKIE

DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT HIM IN THE DOG-HOUSE FOR SOMETHING, POP?

I DON'T KNOW ... BUT CALL HIM OFF, WILL YA?

GRRROOOFF!

Home Sweet Home

WOW!

HI, GANG!
... WOT'S COOKIN'?

OH, NOTHIN', COOKIE! JUST GIVIN' ANGELPUSS'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM ME A LITTLE **PREVIEW** BEFORE HER PARTY TONIGHT! \$32.50 WHOLESALE...
LOOK!

YEAH, SWELL, ZOOT ... I GUESS...

dangordon

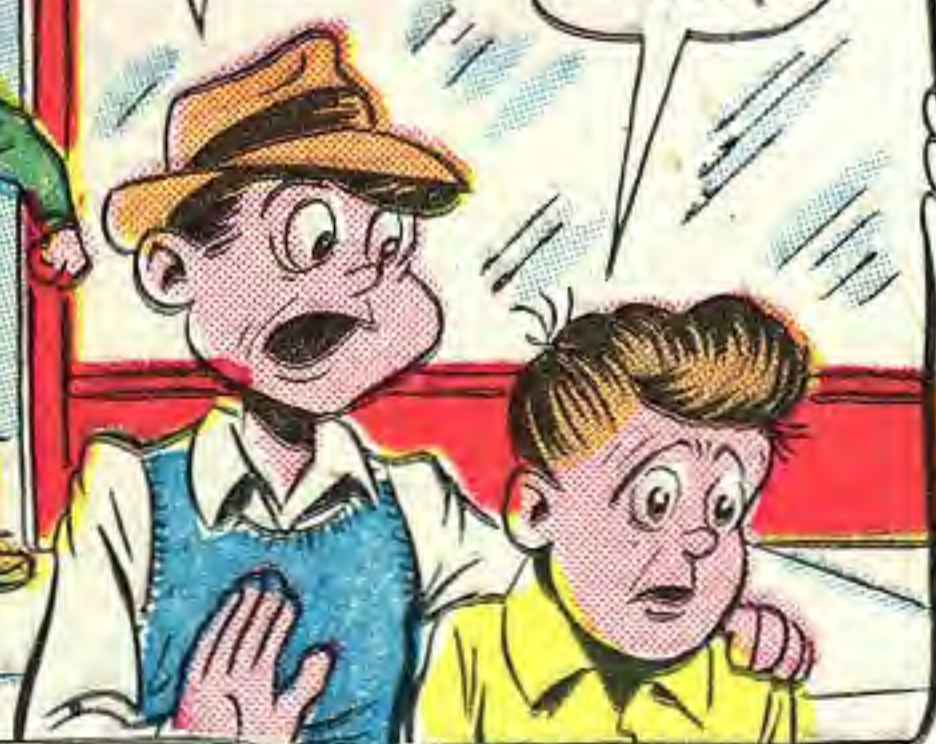
I KINDA THINK I'LL BE THE BIG CHEESE TONIGHT WHEN SHE GETS A GANDER AT THIS! WHAT DO YOU THINK, COOKIE?

WELL, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A **BIG CHEESE** TO ME, SO...

WHY, YOU...

DON'T LET HIM RATTLE YA, KID! ANGELPUSS LIKES YOU, AN' NO PRESENT FROM HIM WILL CHANGE THAT!

IT'S NO USE, JITTERBUCK! YOU KNOW WIMMIN! WOT CAN I GIVE HER FOR THREE BUCKS THAT'LL COMPARE WITH THAT?

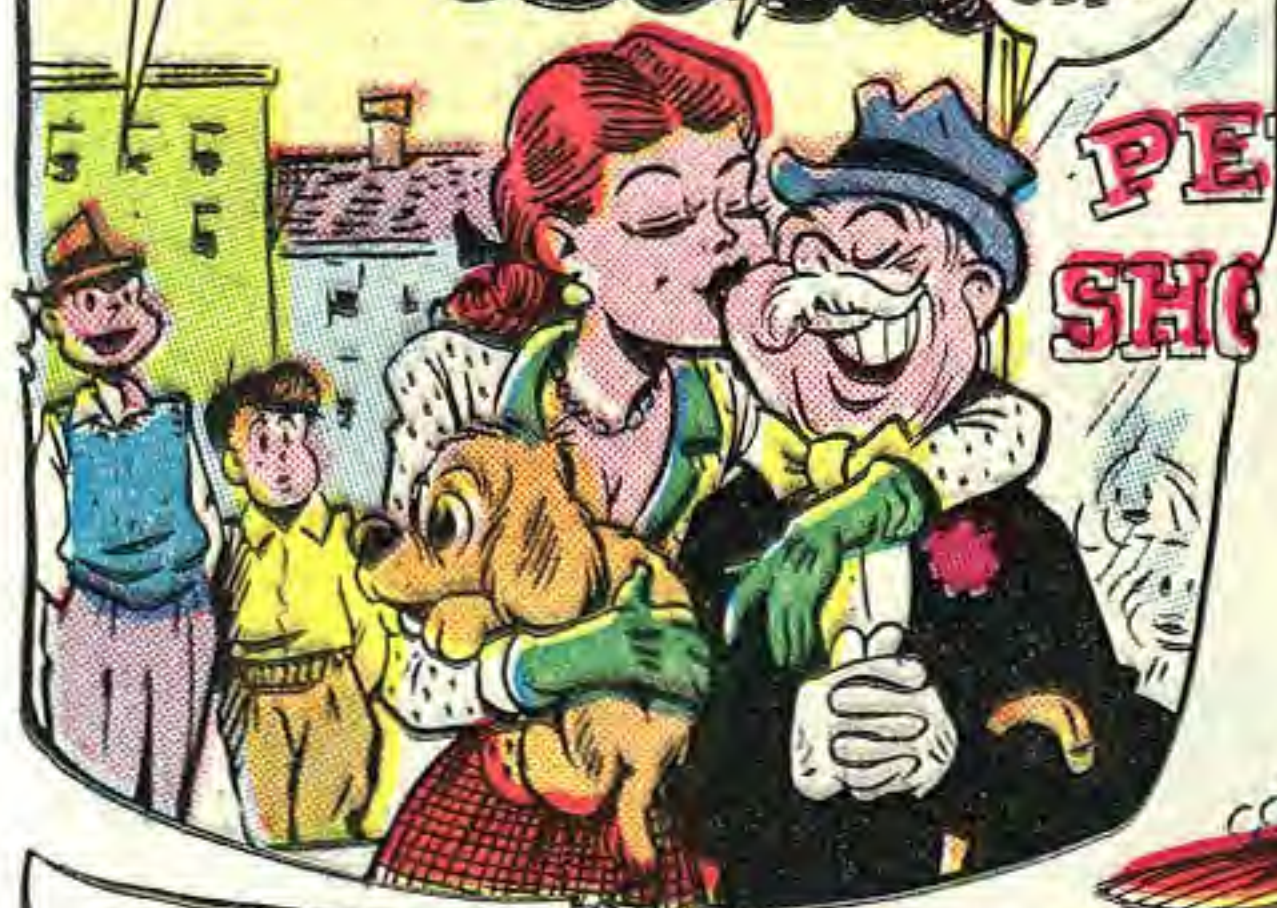


WELL, LET'S SEE ...ER... HEY, LOOK!

OH, YOU LOVELY MAN, YOU! A DOG... JUST WHAT I WANTED!

AW, GEE...

C'MON! IF A MUTT CAN MAKE HER FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT HIM, THINK WOT IT WOULD DO FOR YOU WITH ANGELPUSS!



PET SHOP

PETS



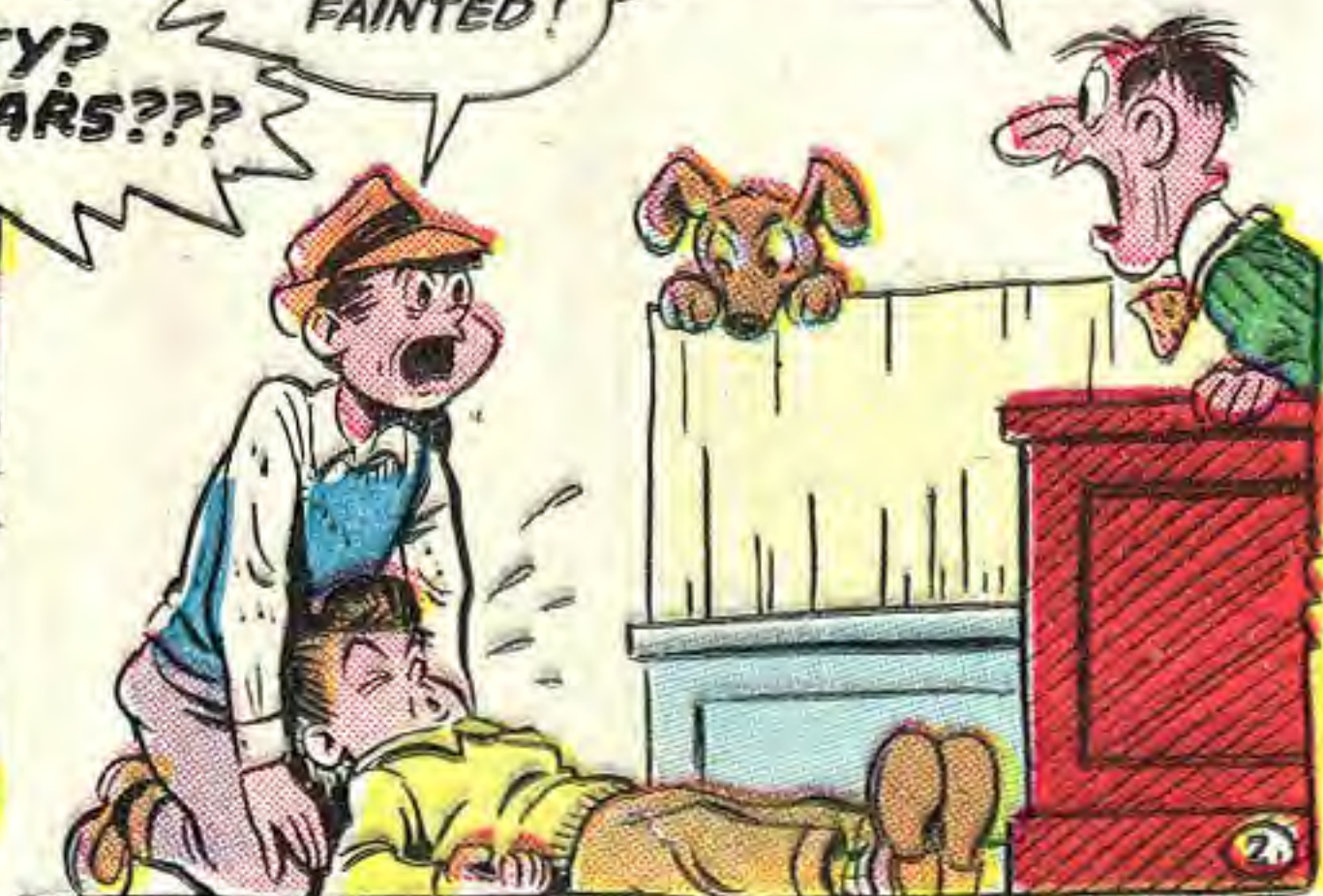
THAT LITTLE ONE IN THE WINDOW... HOW MUCH WOULD HE BE?

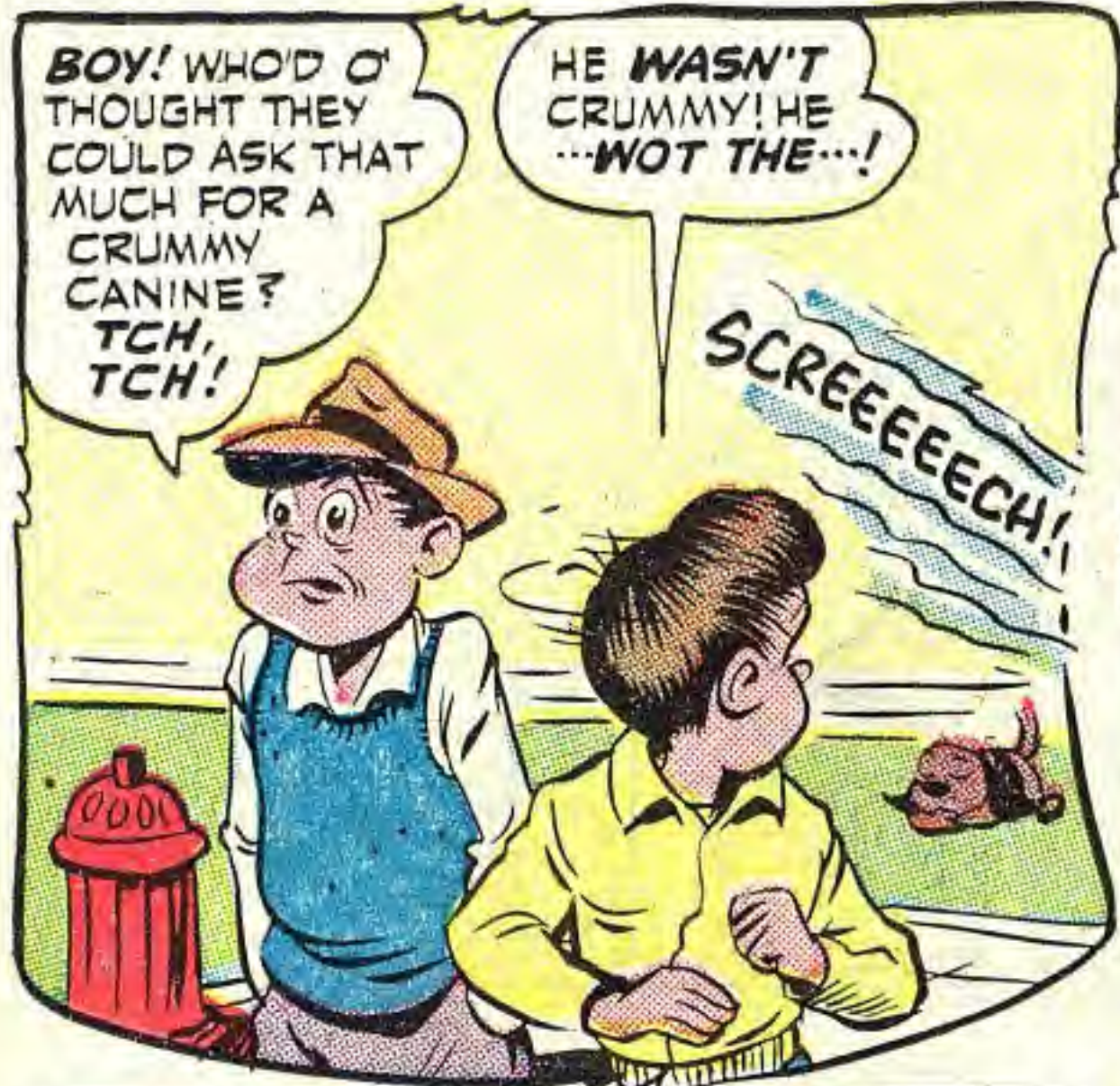
FIFTY DOLLARS!

FIFTY? DOLLARS???

YOU COULD BE A LITTLE MORE GENTLE IN THROWIN' THEM BIG FIGURES AROUND, BUD! HE FAINTED!

HOW WUZ I TA KNOW HE'S GOT A WEAK WALLET?





BOY! WHO'D O' THOUGHT THEY COULD ASK THAT MUCH FOR A CRUMMY CANINE? TCH, TCH!

HE WASN'T CRUMMY! HE ...WOT THE...!

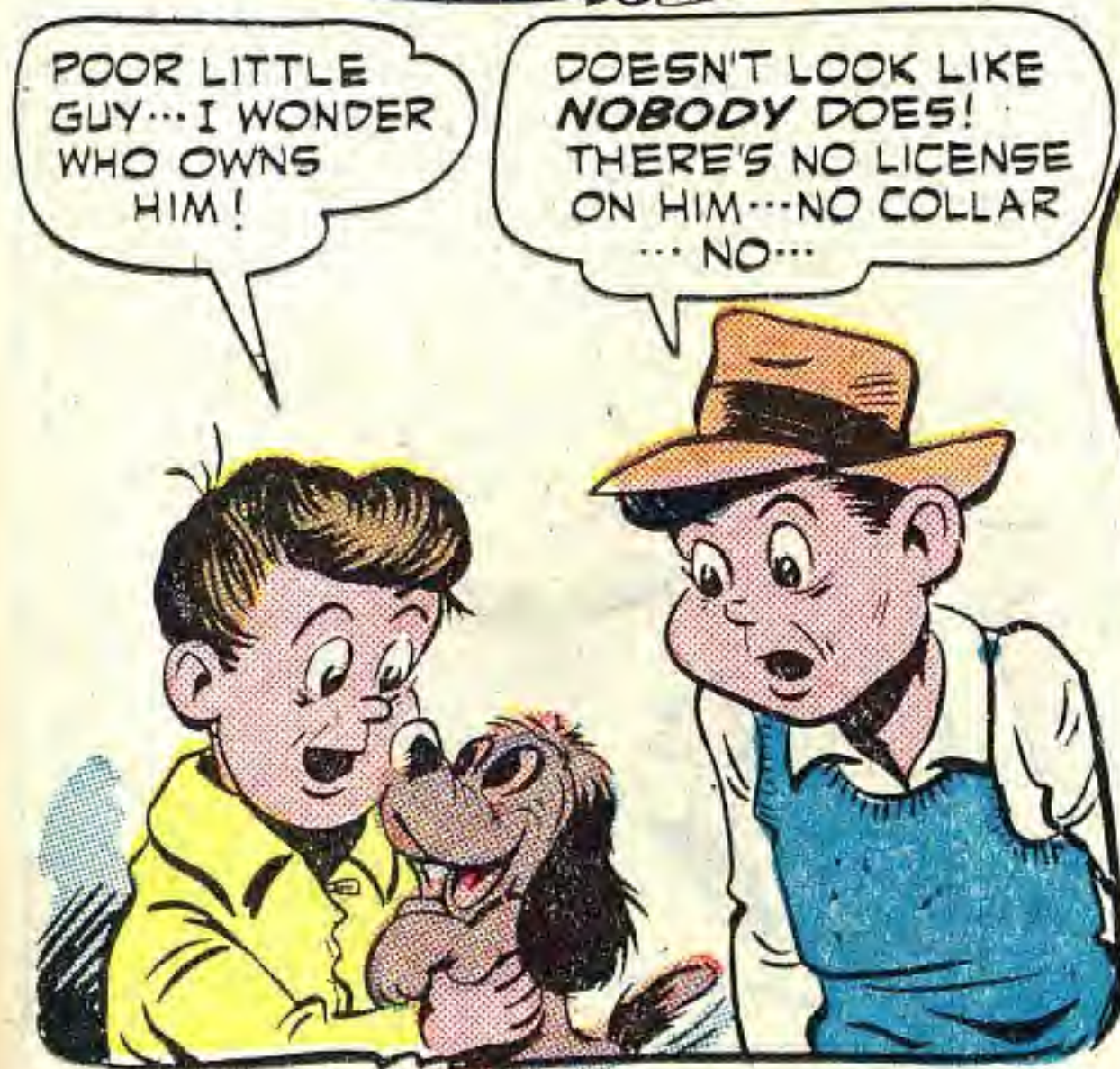
SCREEEECH!



HEY, POOCH! GET OUTA THERE!

G'WAN! SCRAM, MUTT!

?



POOR LITTLE GUY... I WONDER WHO OWNS HIM!

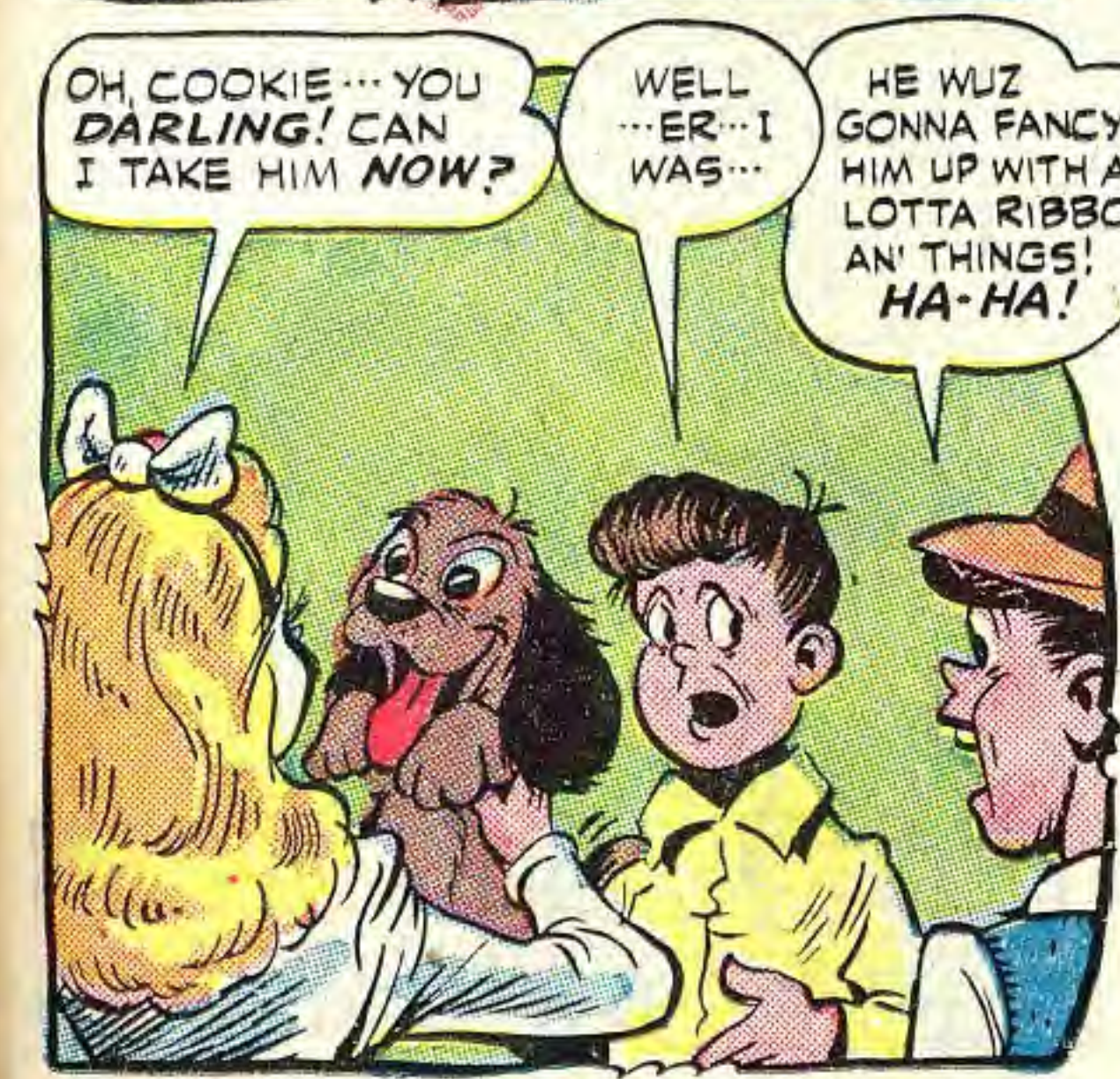
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE **NOBODY** DOES! THERE'S NO LICENSE ON HIM... NO COLLAR ... NO...



WHY, **COOKIE!** WHAT A **SWEET** DOG!

HI, ANGELPUSS! YEAH... I JUST...

...JUST BOUGHT HIM FOR YOUR **BIRTHDAY PRESENT**... HUH, **COOKIE?**



OH, **COOKIE**... YOU **DARLING!** CAN I TAKE HIM **NOW?**

WELL ...ER... I WAS...

HE WUZ GONNA FANCY HIM UP WITH A LOTTA RIBBONS AN' THINGS! **HA-HA!**



HE'S SWEET ENOUGH **WITHOUT** THEM!... SEE YOU TONIGHT, YOU **DREAM BOY!**

BUT... **URP!**

QUIET, YA JERK! D'YA WANNA SPOIL EVERYTHING?

Later...

OKAY... **OKAY**... YOU MAY BE RIGHT! MAYBE NOBODY **DOES** OWN THAT MUTT... BUT...

QUIT FRETTEIN'... YOU REMIND ME OF MY OLD MAID AUNT! OF **COURSE** HE WAS A STRAY DOG... YA CAN TELL BY SIMPLY LOOKIN' AT...

ATTENTION, LISTENERS! WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO MAKE A **SPECIAL APPEAL!**

SENATOR BEANBAG OF OUR FAIR CITY HAS LOST HIS **DOG!** A SMALL SPANIEL WITH BLACK EARS, WINNER OF MANY BLUE RIBBONS! THE SENATOR OFFERS \$100 REWARD FOR ITS RETURN! IF IT **ISN'T** RETURNED AND IS FOUND IN SOMEONE'S POSSESSION, WELL... ALL WE CAN SAY IS **OH, BROTHER!**



THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE MUTT! I GOTTA WARN ANGEL...

WAIT, CHUMP! WHAT WOULD SHE THINK IF SHE FOUND OUT YOU **DIDN'T** BUY HIM? LOOK... I GOT AN **IDEA!**

ALL WE HAFTA DO IS RAISE ABOUT \$50.00 AN' BUY A DOG THAT LOOKS LIKE HIM... GO TO ANGEL'S... MAKE THE SWITCH WITHOUT HER KNOWIN' IT... RETURN THE REAL ONE... GET THE \$100 REWARD... AN' **WE'RE AHEAD 50 SMACKERS!**... SEE?

YEAH... I SEE **EVERYTHING**... BUT HOW'LL WE GET THE **ORIGINAL FIFTY, WISE GUY?**

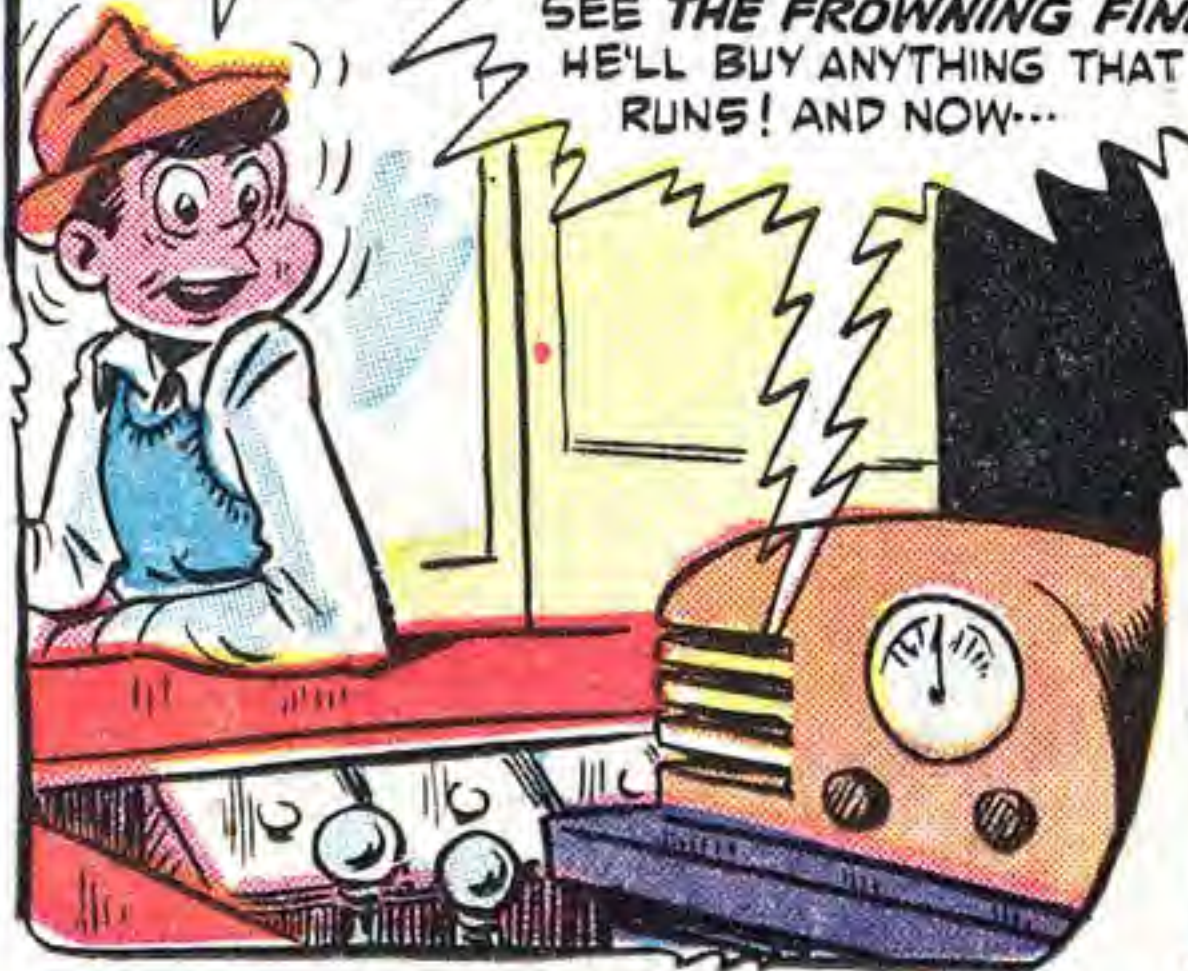


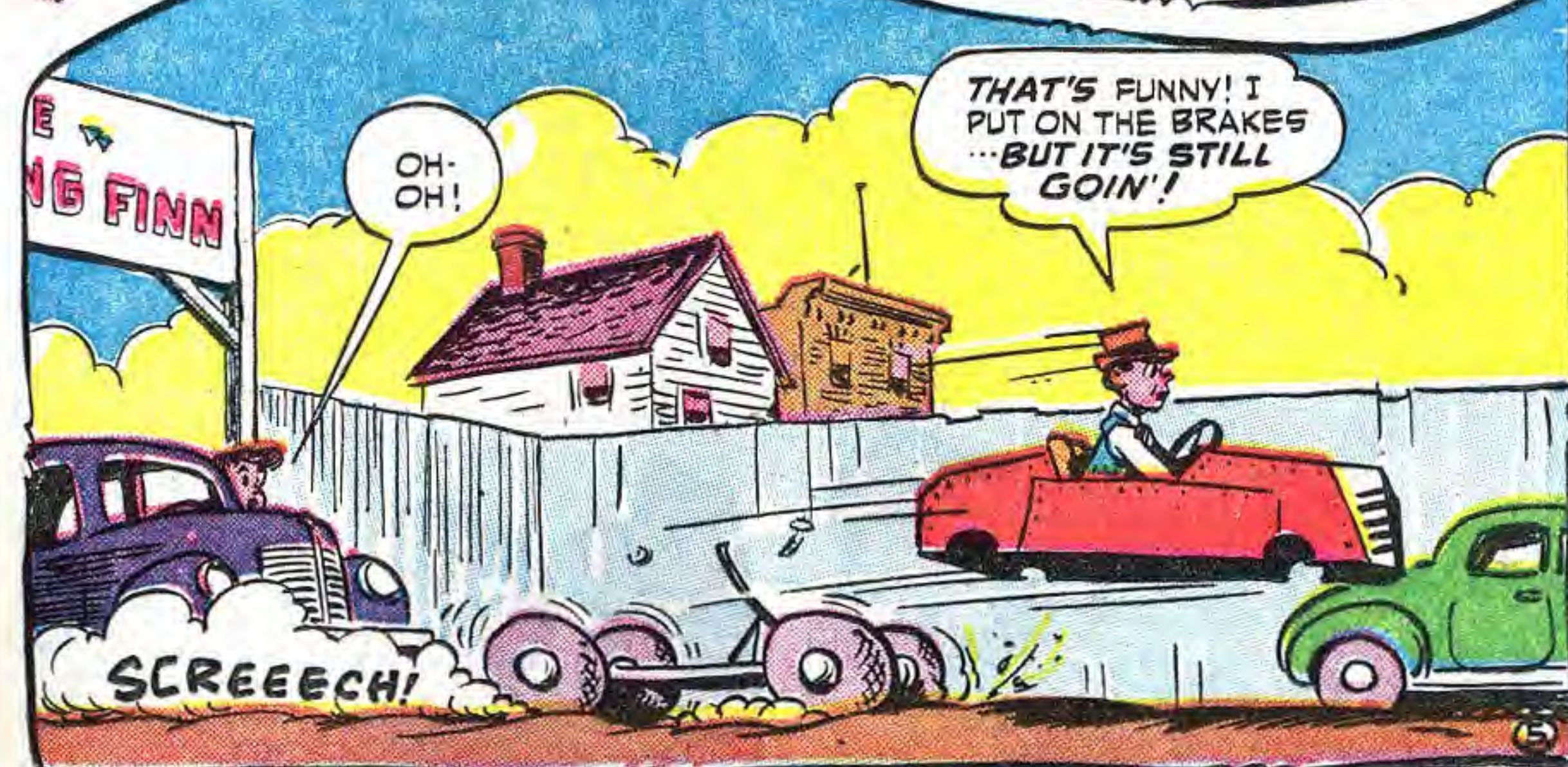
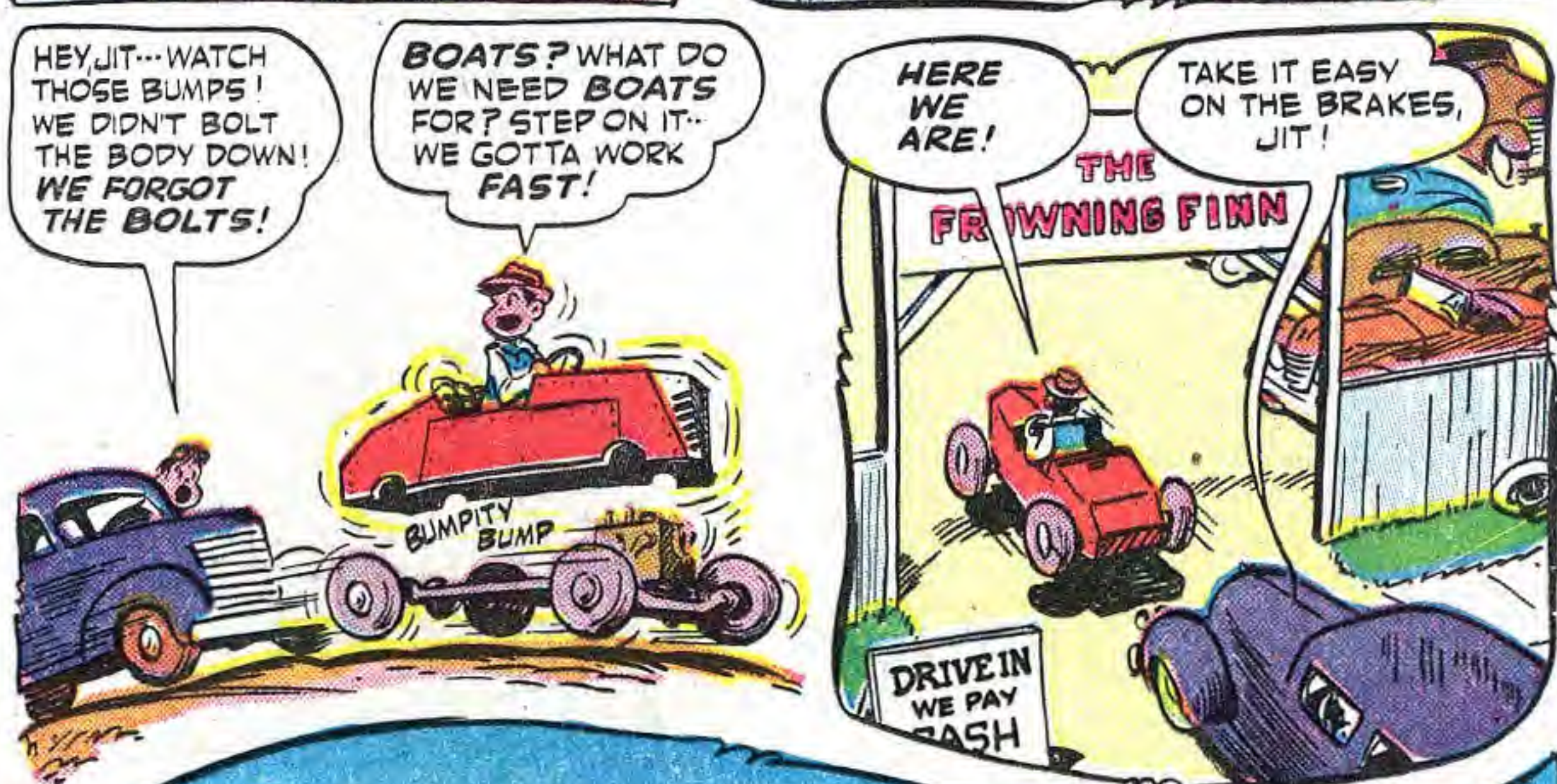
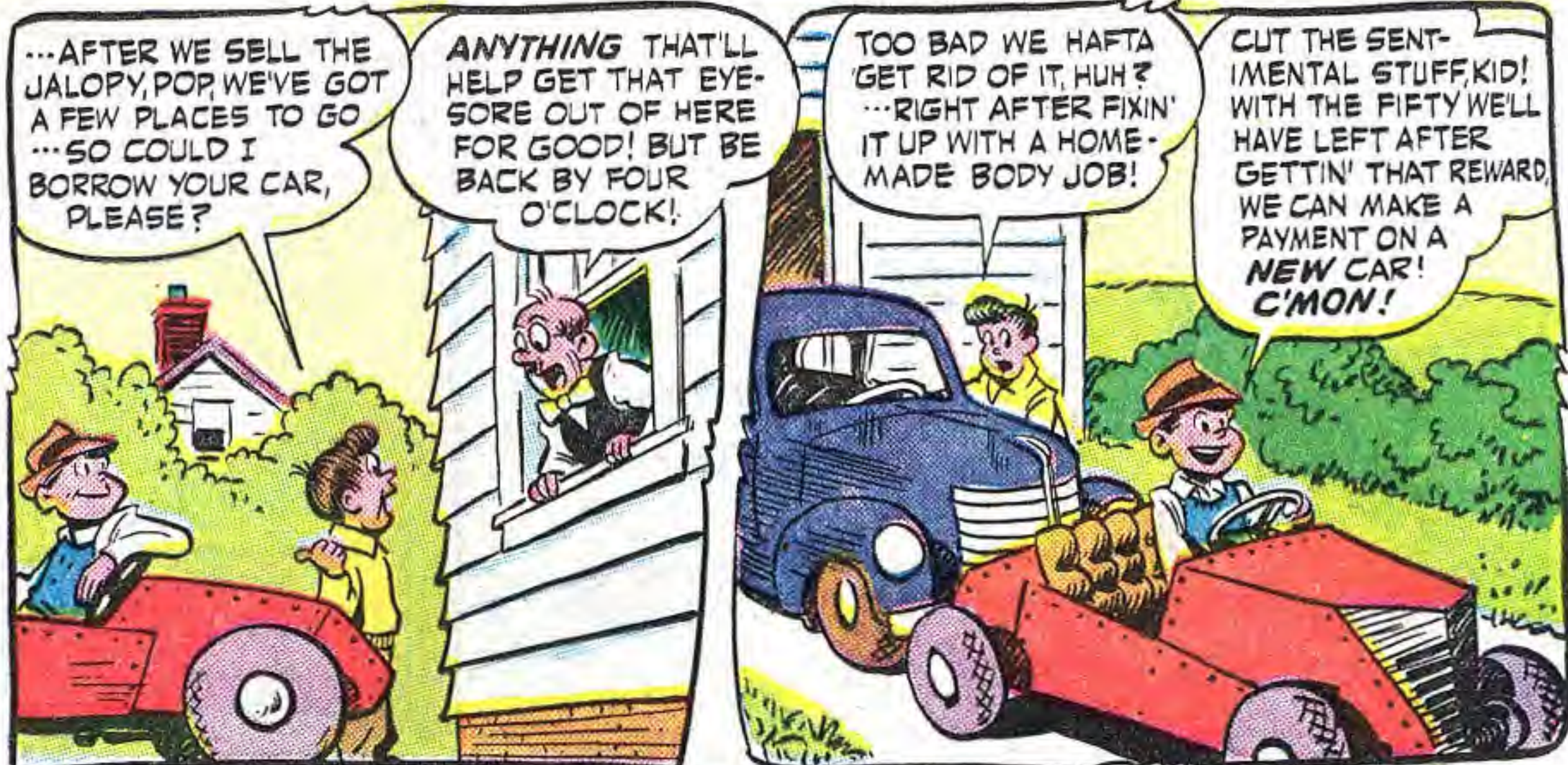
OH, THAT... YEAH... WELL, I... ER... **HUH?**

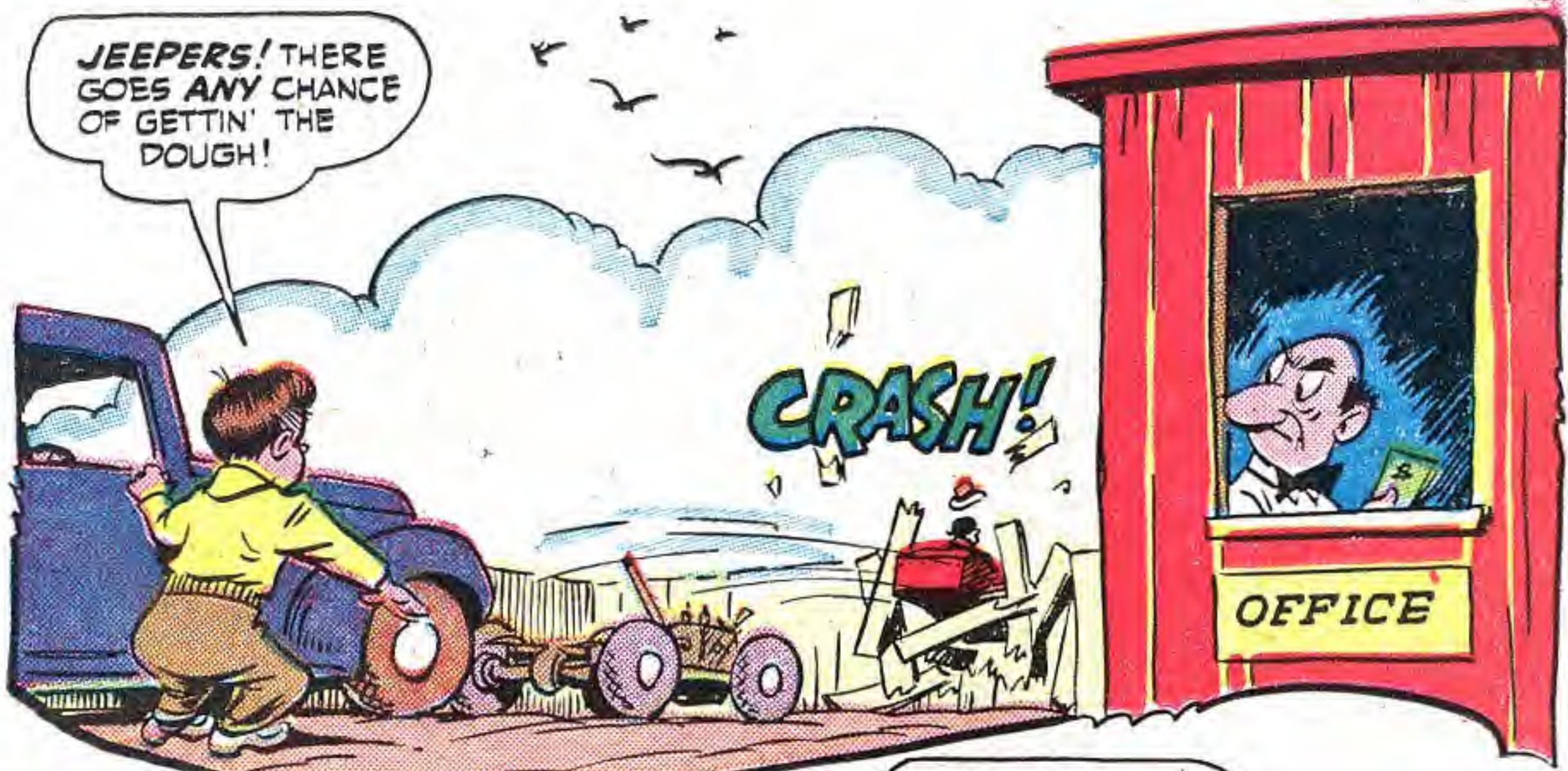
THE LAST QUARTER HOUR WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY "THE **FROWNING FINN!**" IF YOU OWN A CAR... NEED CASH... SEE **THE FROWNING FINN!** HE'LL BUY ANYTHING THAT RUNS! AND NOW...

THERE'S YOUR **ANSWER, COOKIE, OLD KID!** LET'S SELL THE **JALOPY!** THAT OUGHTA GET US THE **FIFTY WE NEED!**

HEY! LET'S GO!



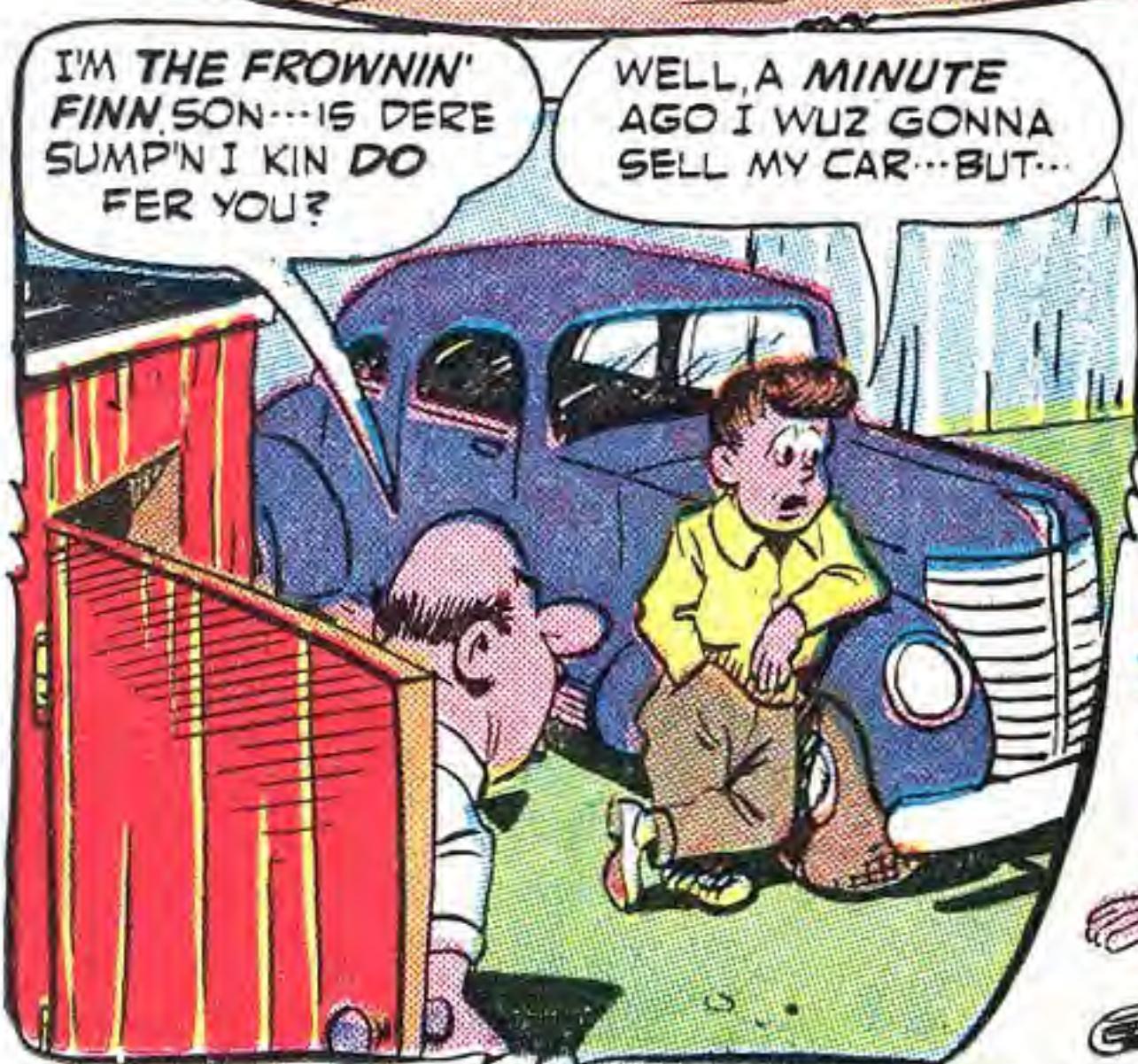




JEEPERS! THERE GOES ANY CHANCE OF GETTIN' THE DOUGH!

CRASH!

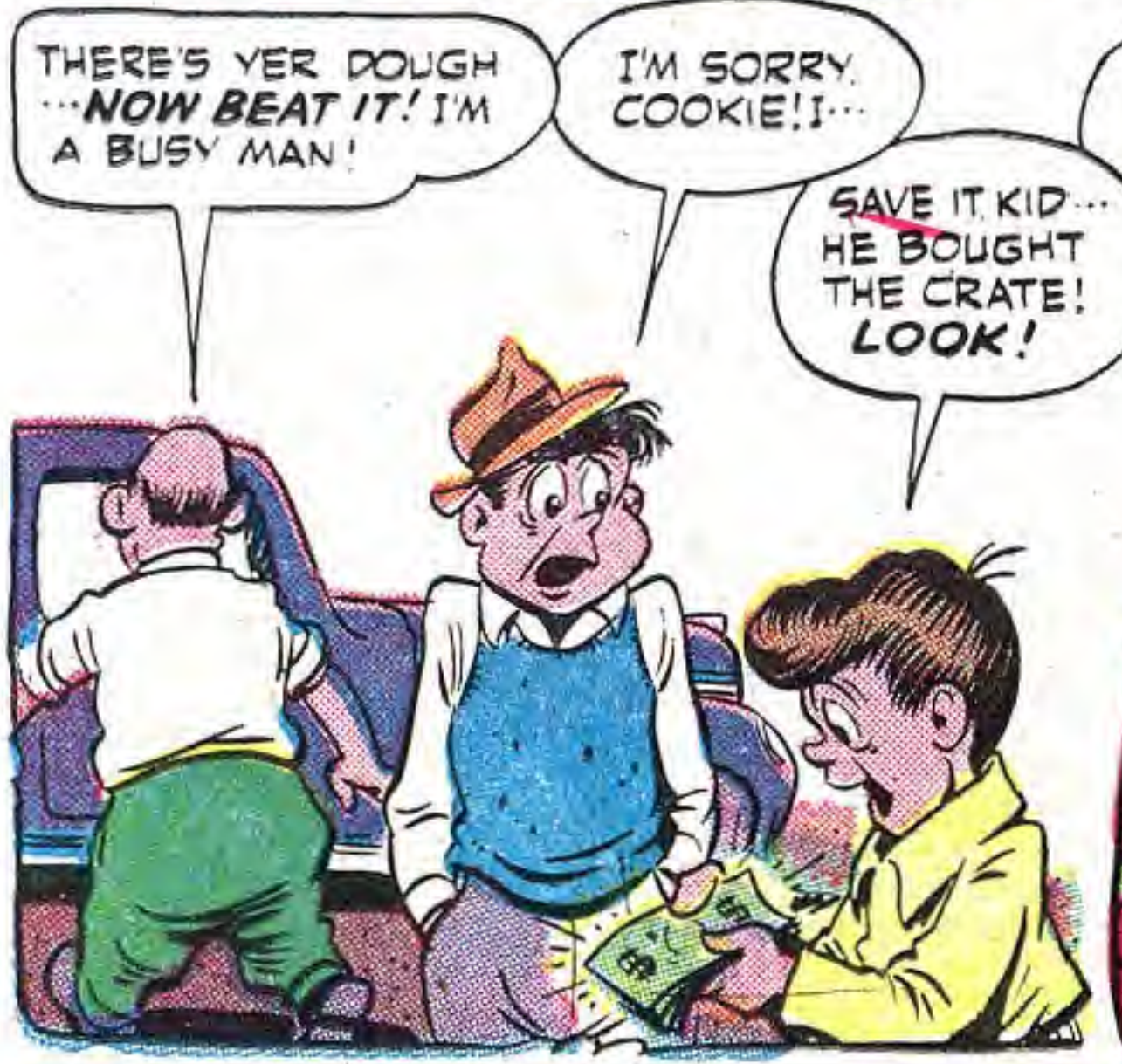
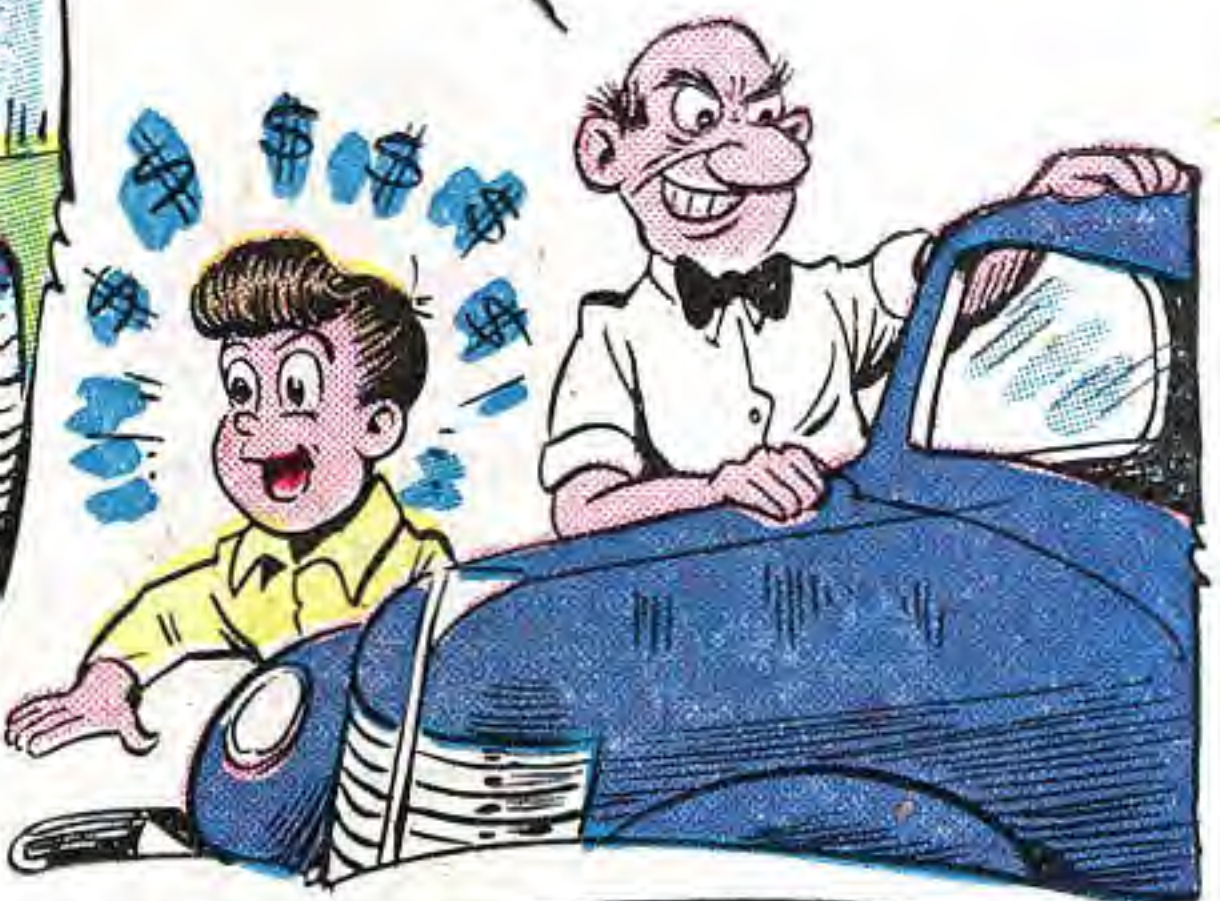
OFFICE



I'M THE FROWNIN' FINN, SON... IS DERE SUMP'N I KIN DO FER YOU?

WELL, A MINUTE AGO I WUZ GONNA SELL MY CAR... BUT...

NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT... I'LL GIVE YA \$500 FER IT!



THERE'S YER DOUGH... NOW BEAT IT! I'M A BUSY MAN!

I'M SORRY, COOKIE! I...

SAVE IT, KID... HE BOUGHT THE CRATE! LOOK!

YA MEAN...

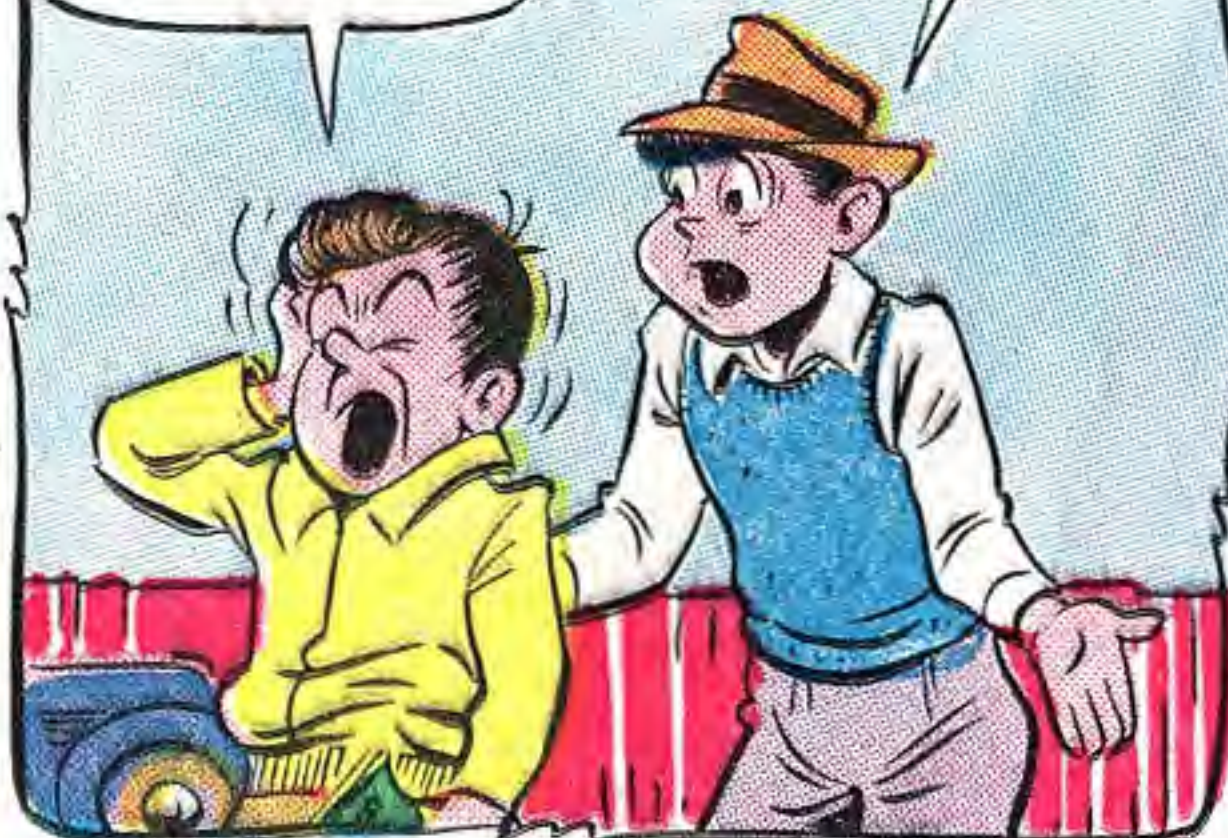
I MEAN HE PAID PUH-LENTY CASH FOR... HEY, WAIT! NOT THAT ONE! HEY! THAT'S POP'S CAR!

HMMM... RUNS ALL RIGHT!



I SHOULDA KNOWN BETTER...IT WAS POP'S CAR HE BOUGHT! OH, B-BROTHER...I'LL GET KILLED!

WILLYA QUIT THE PANIC AN' LISTEN TA ME?



...WELL...YOU'RE STILL TOP MAN WITH ANGELPUSS!

JIT, YOU SHOULD BE IN WALL STREET! C'MON...LET'S BUY THE DOG!



HEY, COOKIE, WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S ANGEL'S OLD MAN WITH THE MUTT!

THIS ONE WE BOUGHT IS A LITTLE BIGGER! ...HOPE HE DOESN'T GET WISE!



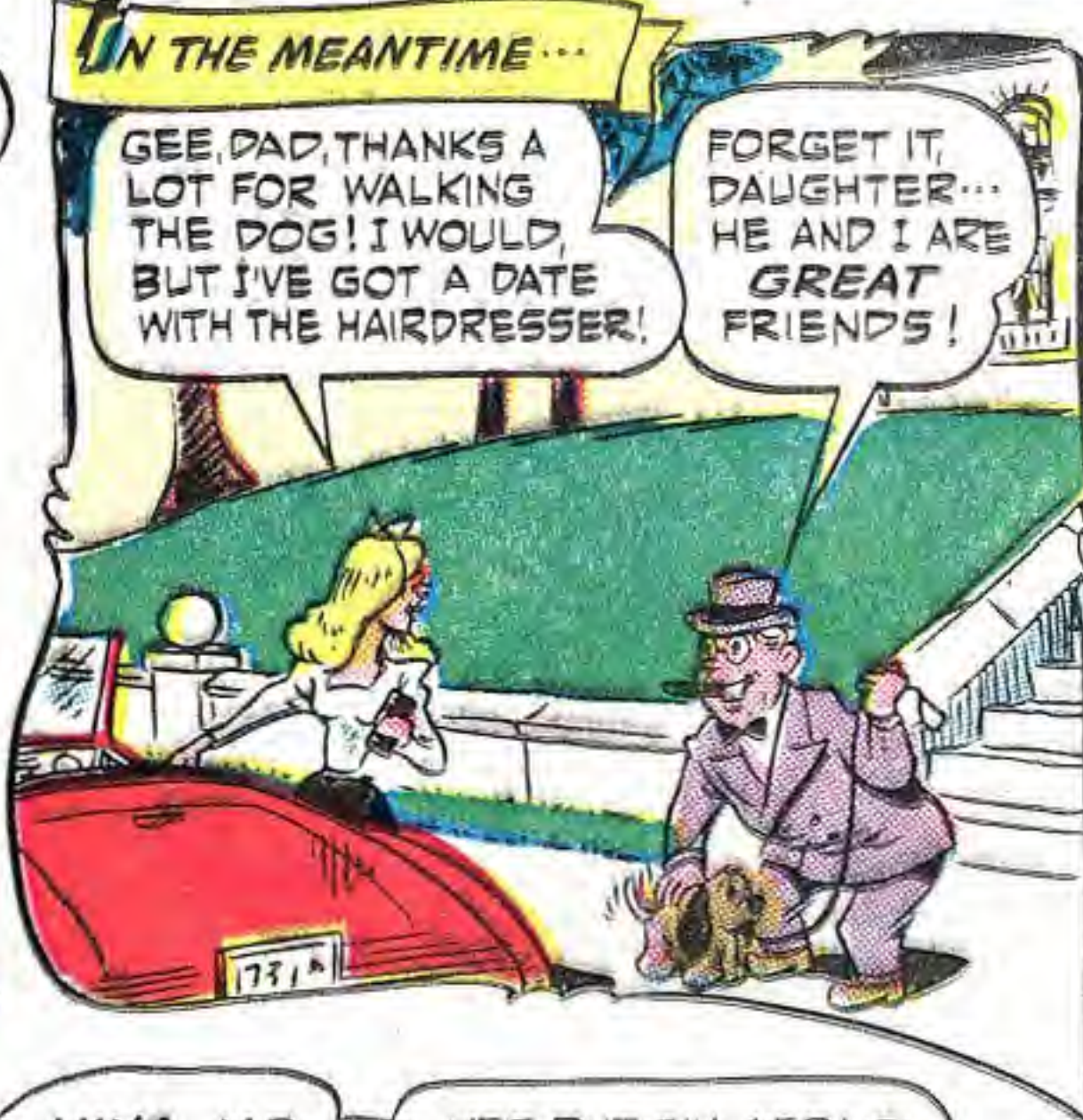
LOOK...WE USE \$50 OF THAT CAR DOUGH TA BUY A DOG! THEN AFTER WE GET THE REWARD ON THE OTHER ONE, WE COME BACK AN' TELL THIS GUY IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! WE GIVE HIM BACK HIS MONEY...GET YER POP'S WAGON ...AN' WE'RE STILL AHEAD FIFTY BUCKS! AN' BESIDES...



IN THE MEANTIME...

GEE, DAD, THANKS A LOT FOR WALKING THE DOG! I WOULD, BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE HAIRDRESSER!

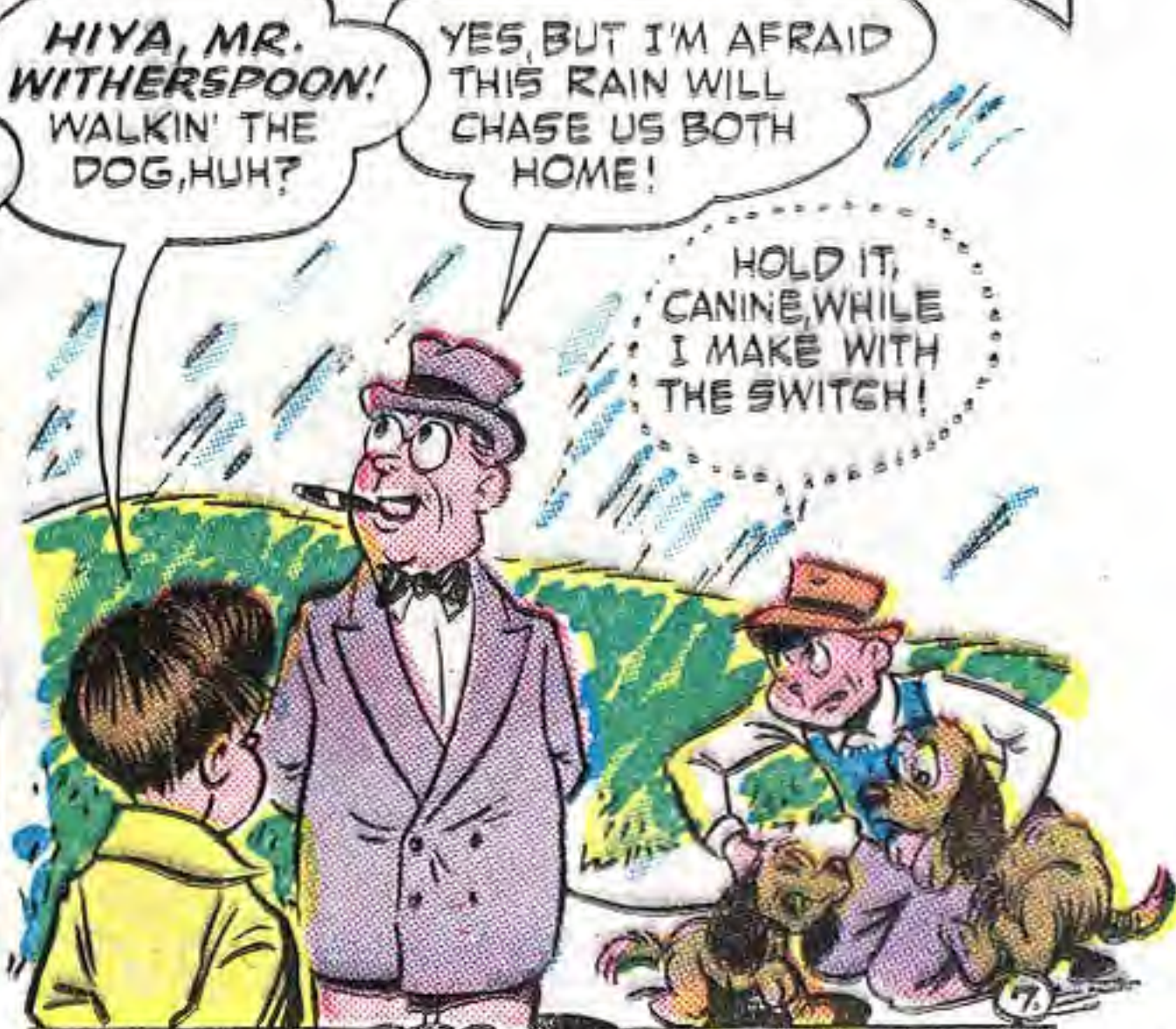
FORGET IT, DAUGHTER... HE AND I ARE GREAT FRIENDS!



HIYA, MR. WITHERSPOON! WALKIN' THE DOG, HUH?

YES, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS RAIN WILL CHASE US BOTH HOME!

HOLD IT, CANINE, WHILE I MAKE WITH THE SWITCH!

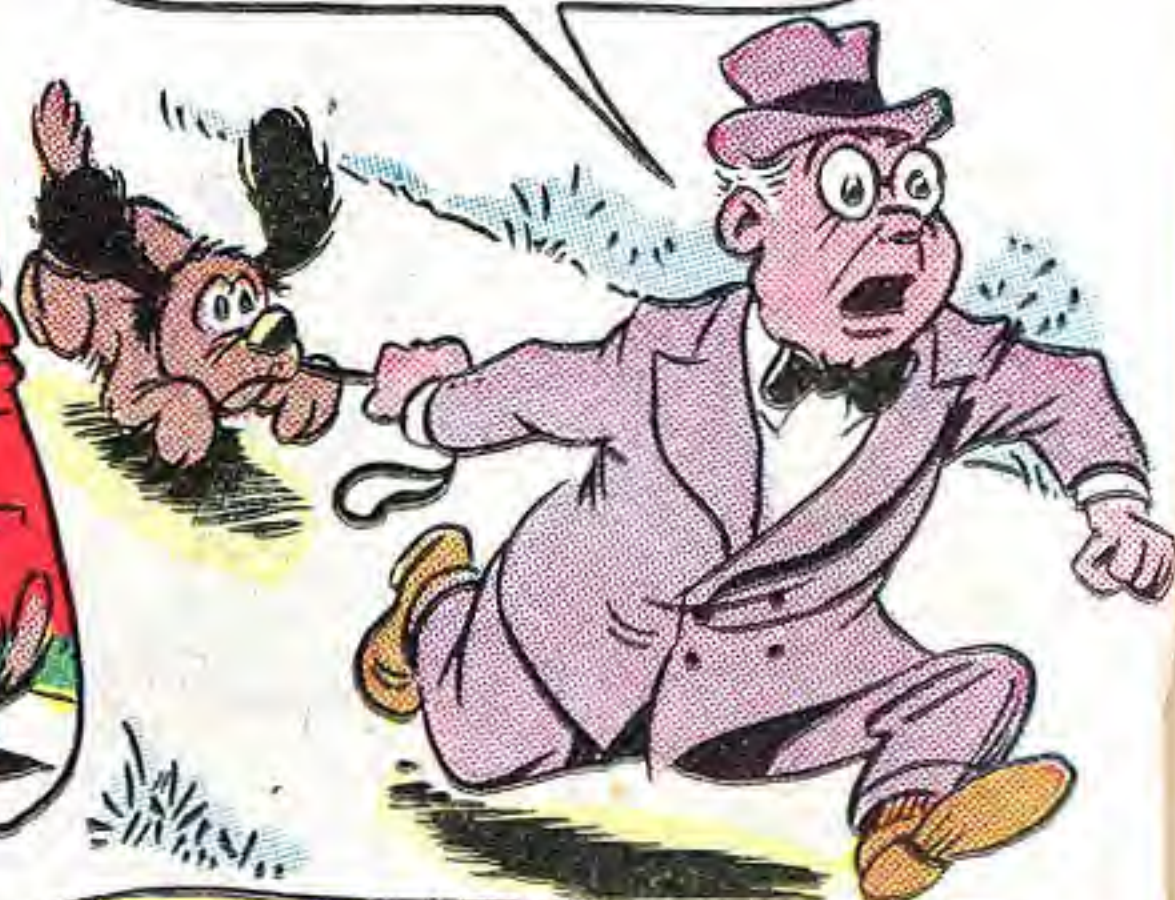
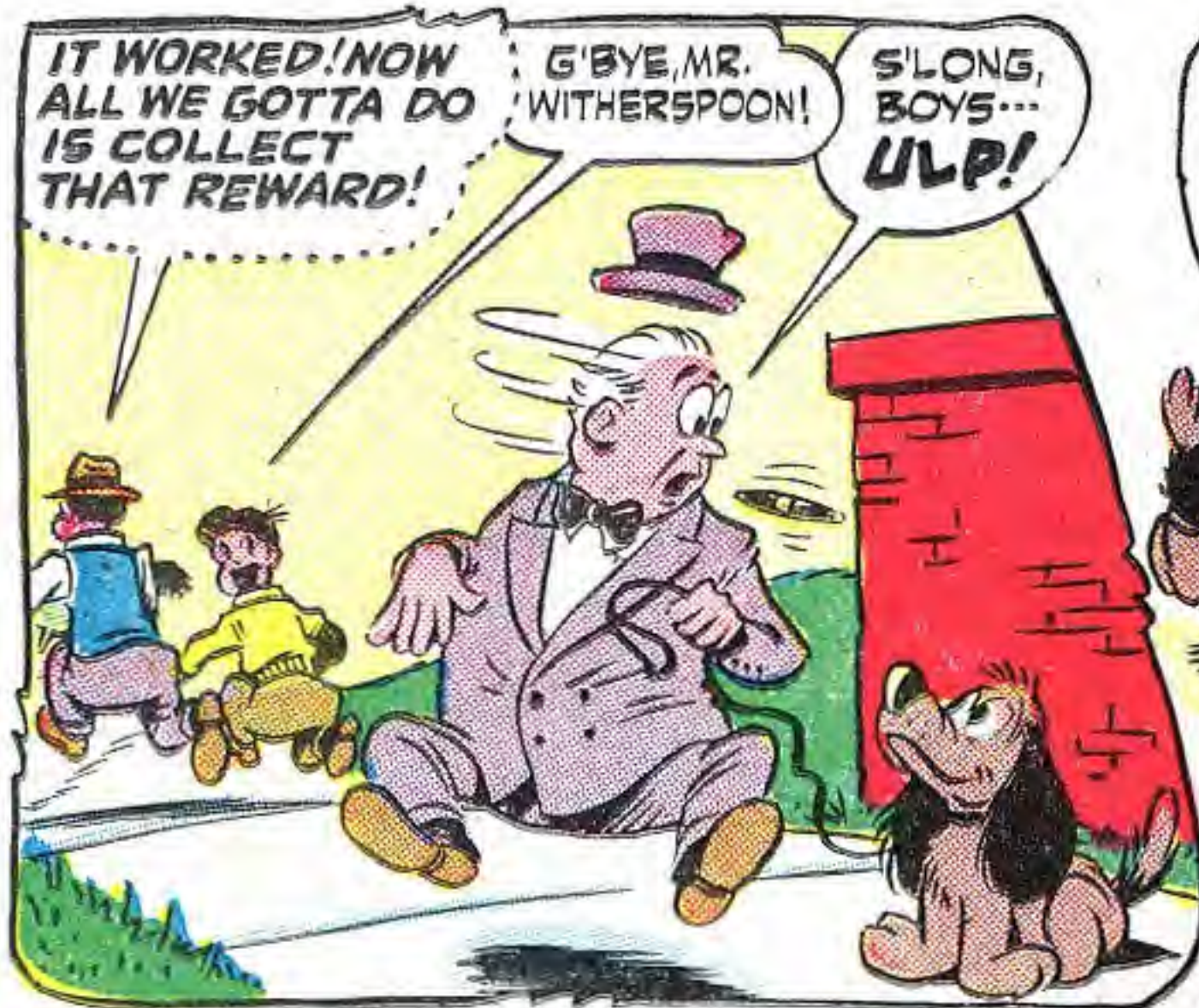


IT WORKED! NOW
ALL WE GOTTA DO
IS COLLECT
THAT REWARD!

G'BYE, MR.
WITHERSPOON!

S'LONG,
BOYS...
ULP!

I KNOW THAT RAIN MAKES WEEDS,
FLOWERS AND ALL *THAT* GROW...
BUT I NEVER KNEW A LITTLE
SHOWER WOULD MAKE *THIS*
MUCH DIFFERENCE IN A *DOG!*

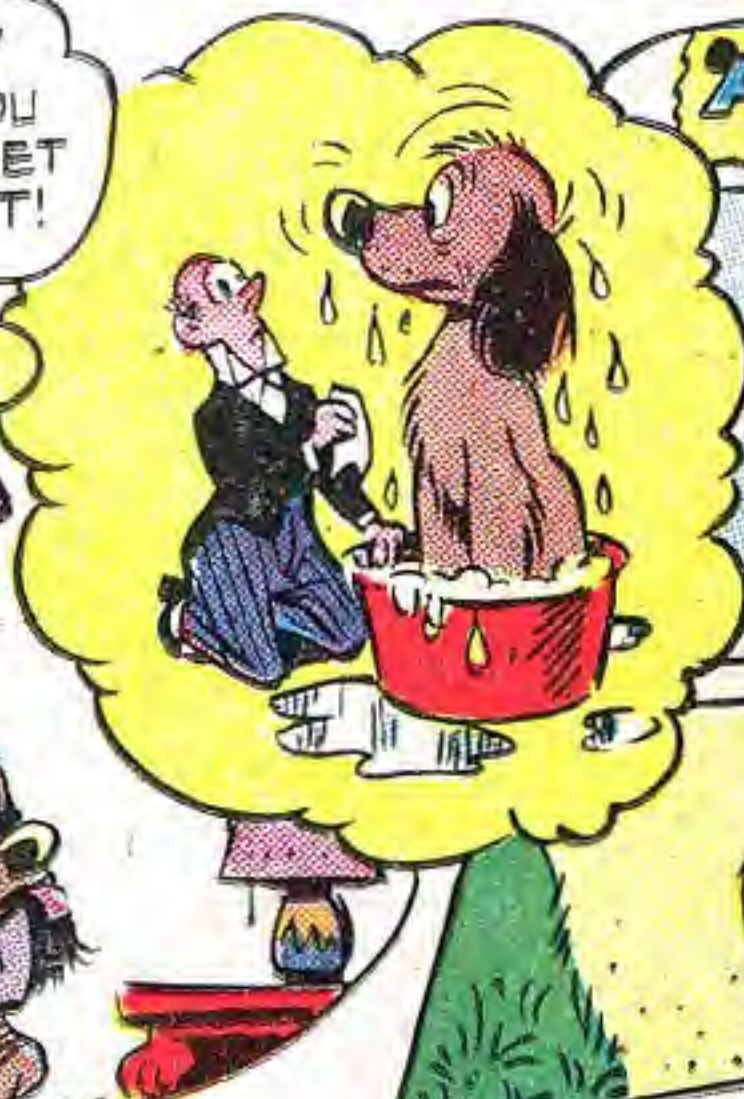


THE MADAM
REQUESTS THAT
I BATHE THE
DOG, SIR!

NO SIR!
DON'T YOU
DARE GET
HIM WET!

AT THE SAME TIME...

THAT KID SAID HE'D BE BACK IN AN
HOUR WITH THE CAR! NOW I HAVE
TO GO **LOOKING** FOR HIM!

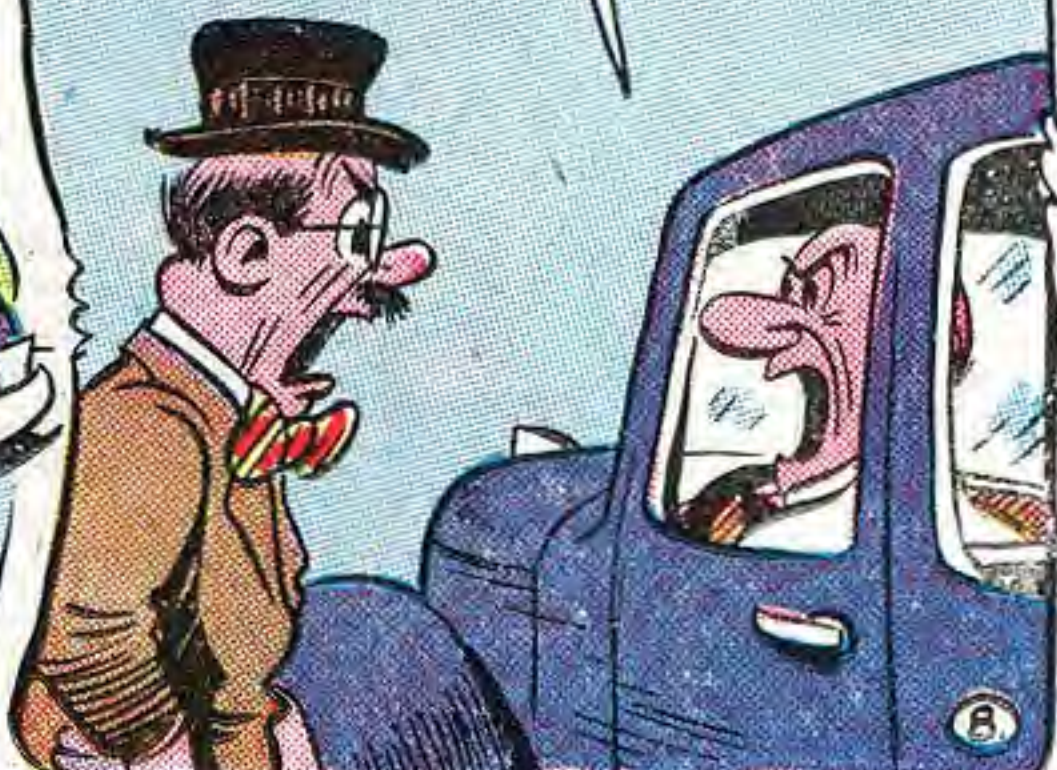
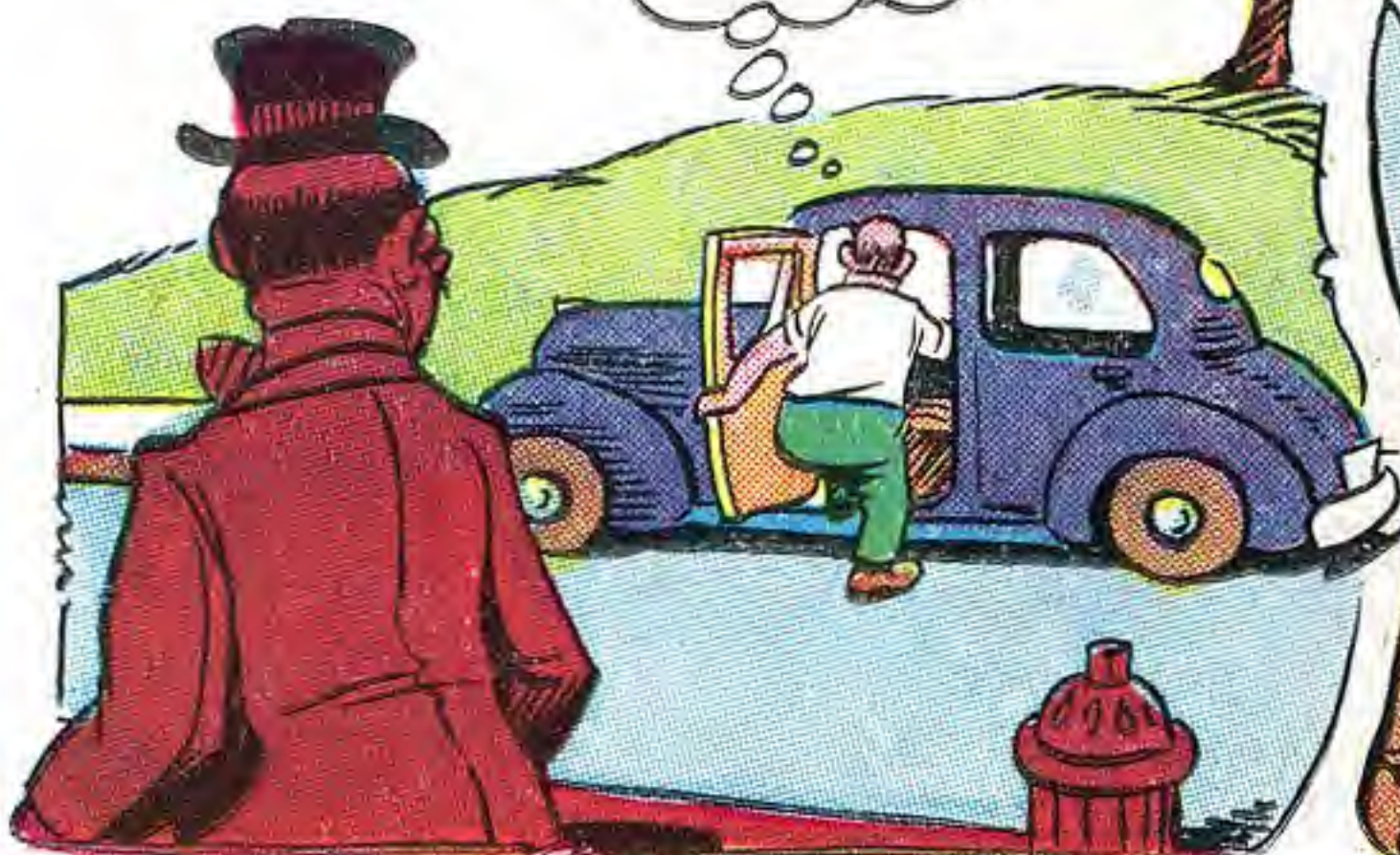


HEY...THERE IT
IS NOW! HMMM...
WHO'S THAT
GETTING IN?

DOESN'T RUN
BAD AT ALL!
I OUGHTA GET
A GOOD PRICE
FER IT!

MAY I ASK JUST
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING IN MY
CAR?

YOUR CAR?...SCRAM,
WISE GUY! I PAID \$500
IN COLD CASH FER THIS,
SO RUN ALONG BEFORE
I CALL A COP!



BOY, EVERYTHIN'S WORKIN' **SWELL!** IT WAS THE SENATOR'S DOG, AN' WE GOT THE REWARD MONEY! ALL WE HAFTA DO IS GET YER POP'S CAR BACK AN' WE'RE SITTIN' PRETTY!

YEAH... OH-OH! SOMEBODY'S IN **TROUBLE!**

IT'S POP... AN' THE **FROWNIN' FINN!**

C'MON, BREAK IT UP! THIS AIN'T **EBBET'S FIELD!**



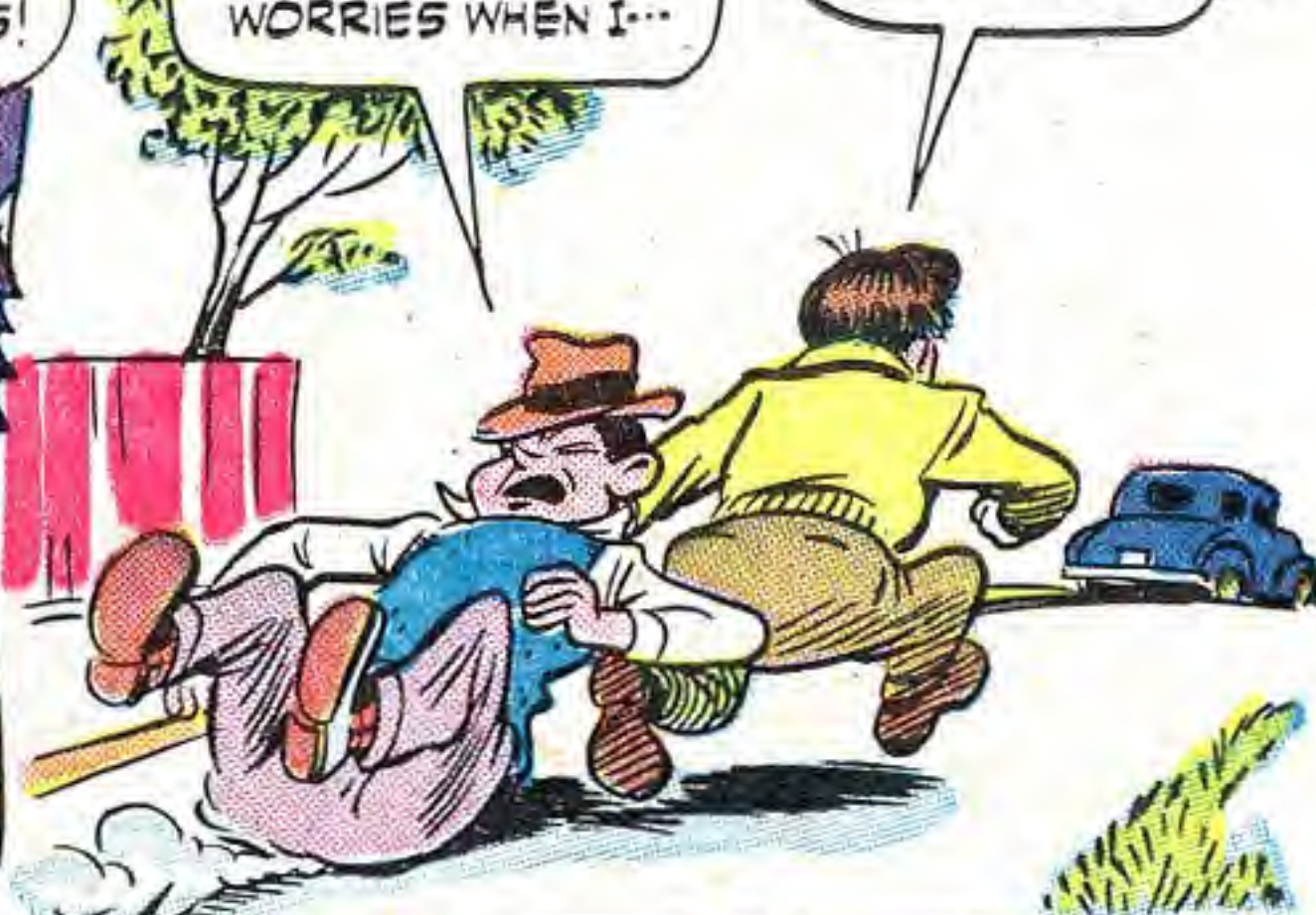
BUT OFFICER, THAT'S MY CAR! HE **STOLE IT!**

I DID **NOT!** I BOUGHT IT!

AN' I DON'T CARE **WHOSE** IT IS! GET IN! WE'LL SETTLE THIS DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS!

BUT **COOKIE**... I JUST NOTICED THE TIME! YOU KNOW MY MOTHER... SHE WORRIES WHEN I...

SHE'LL DO **MORE** THAN WORRY IF YOU TRY TO BACK OUT **NOW!**



IT WAS **YOUR** BRIGHT IDEA THAT GOT US INTO THIS... AN' YOU BETTER COME UP WITH ONE THAT'LL GET US **OUT!**

I GOT **ONE!**

IT'S MY CAR!

IT'S **MINE!**

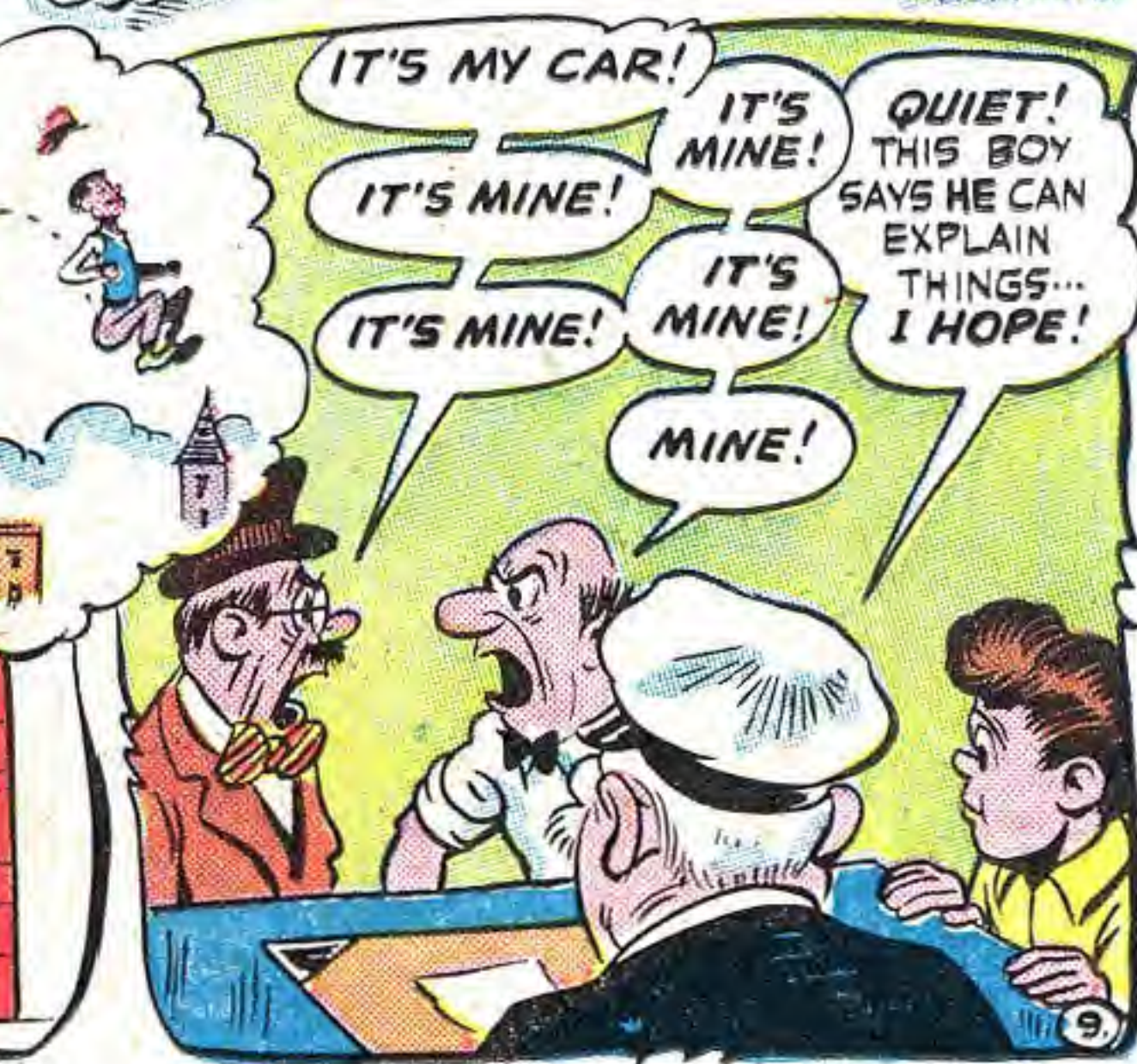
QUIET! THIS BOY SAYS HE CAN EXPLAIN THINGS... I **HOP!**

IT'S **MINE!**

IT'S **MINE!**

IT'S **MINE!**

MINE!



AND SO, AFTER SEVERAL
CONFUSING MINUTES...

...AND THAT'S
THE STORY,
SIR!

HMMM...DOG'S BIRTHDAY...BOY
FINDS GIRL...DOG SELLS JALOPY
...TURNS OUT TO BE POP'S CAR...
ANGELPUSS DOESN'T KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE...REWARD OUT FOR
THE FROWNIN' FINN...BUT POP
DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT...COPS
COME...AN' HERE WE ALL
ARE! HMMMM...



AS I SEE IT, O'TOOLE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY
BACK YOUR CAR FROM
THE FINN!

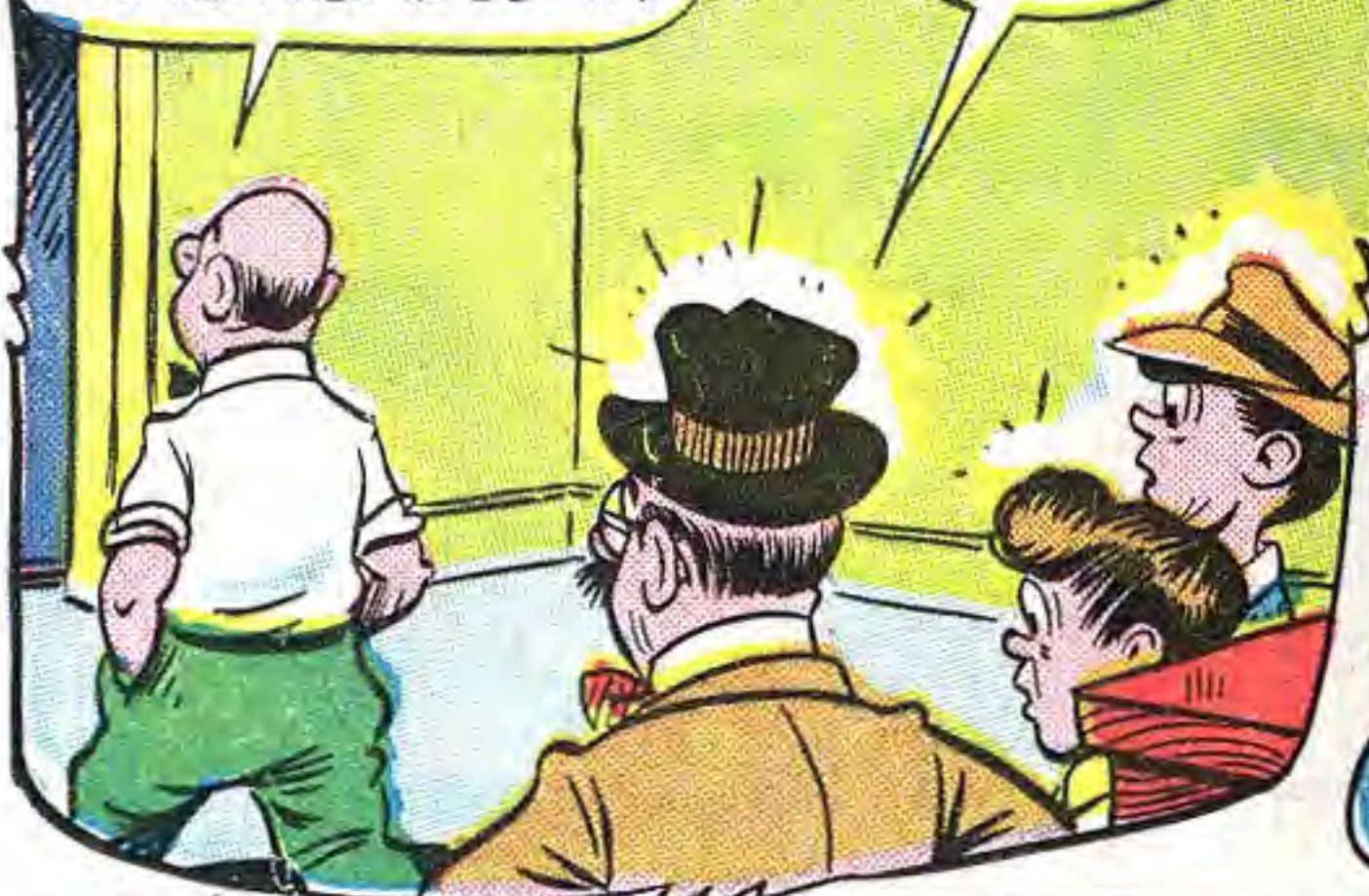
GIVE ME THE
MONEY, COOKIE!
...HOW ABOUT
IT, YOU?

HA-
HA!

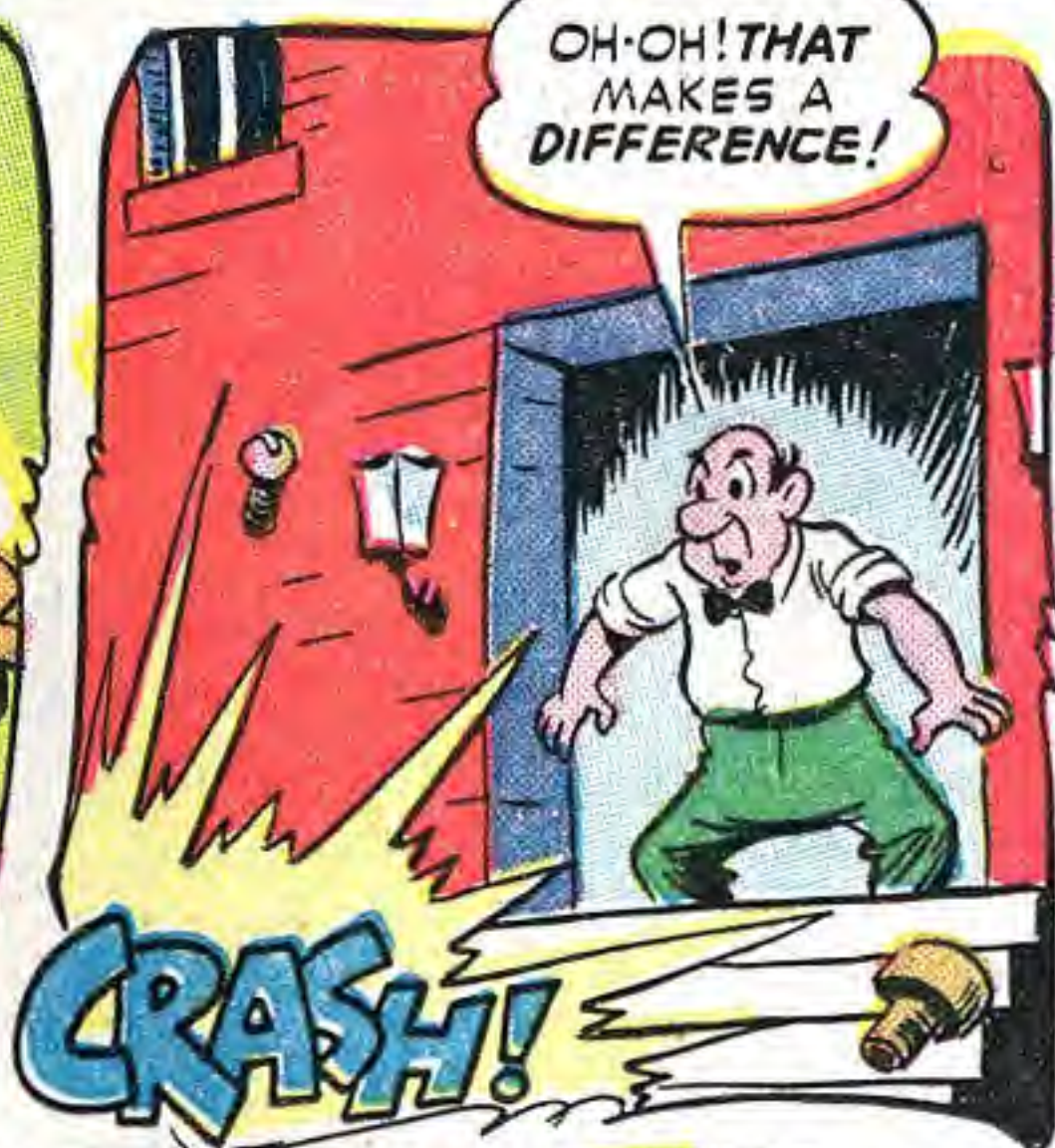


I SHOULD SELL IT FER WOT
I PAID FER IT?...MY PRICE
NOW IS \$1,000! COME AN'
SEE ME WHEN YA GET IT!

WHY, YOU
ROBBER!
I'LL...



OH-OH! THAT
MAKES A
DIFFERENCE!



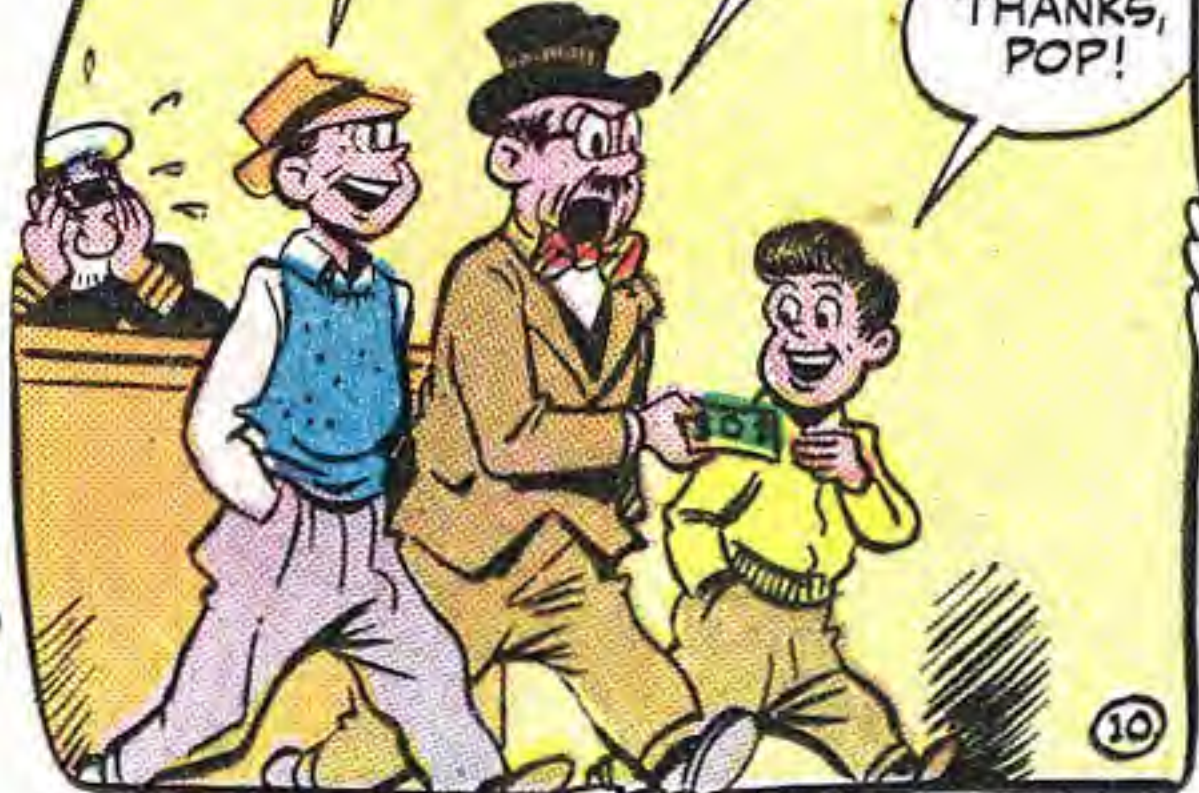
ON SECOND THOUGHT...GIMME
THE DOUGH! ME CONSCIENCE
GOT THE BEST OF ME...YA KIN
HAVE YER CAR!

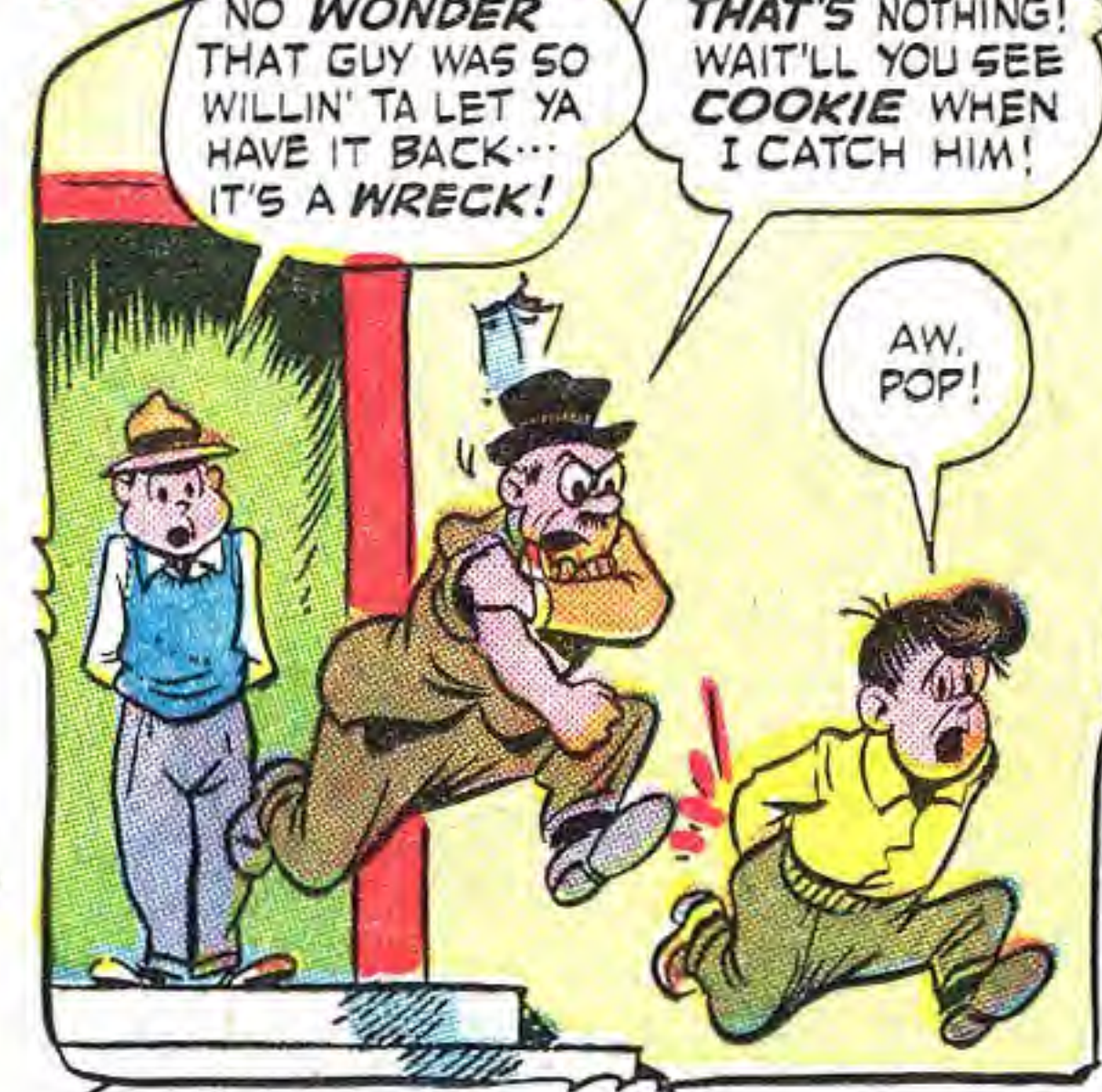
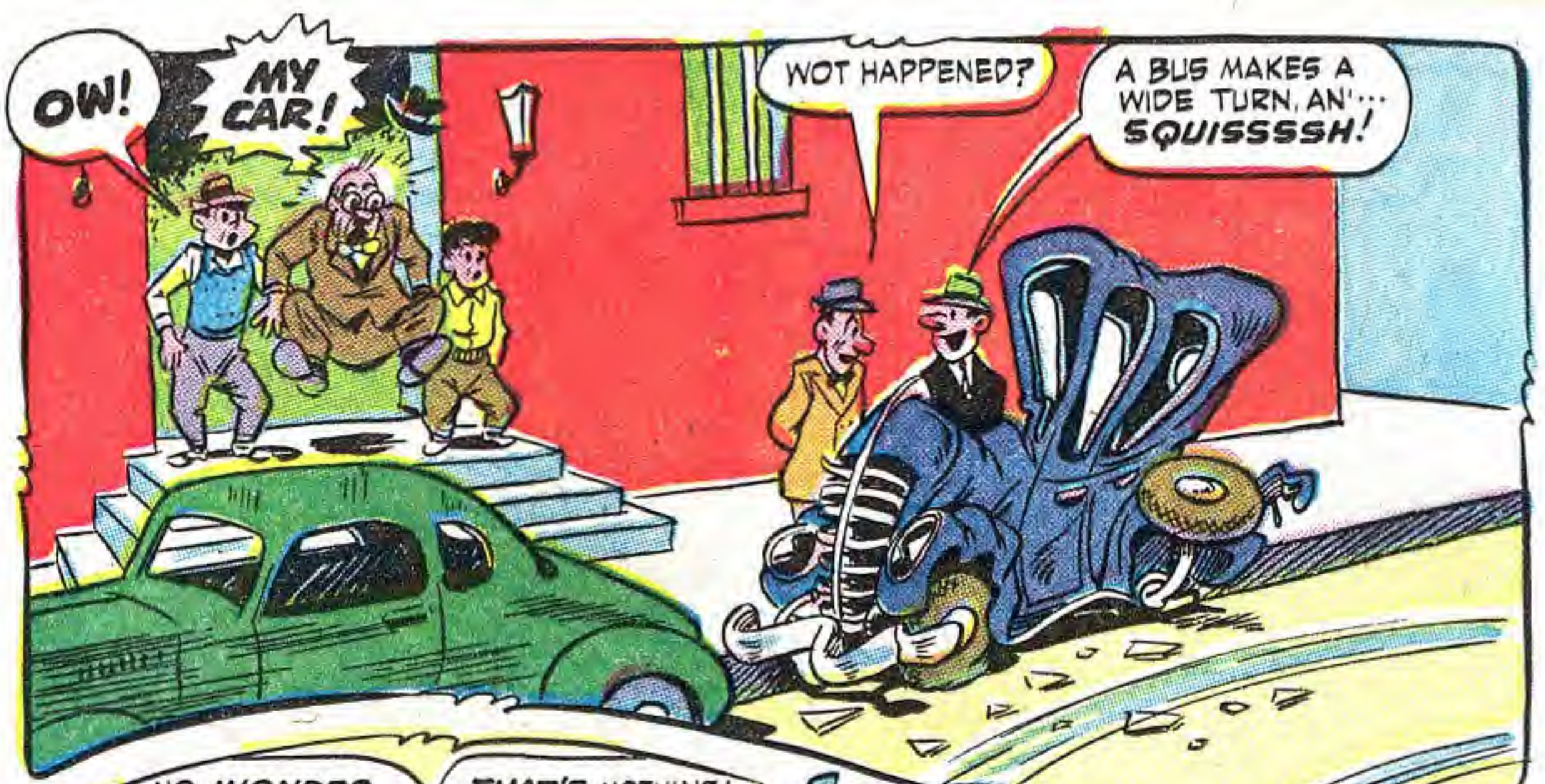
WELL, THAT'S
MORE LIKE IT!
...HERE!

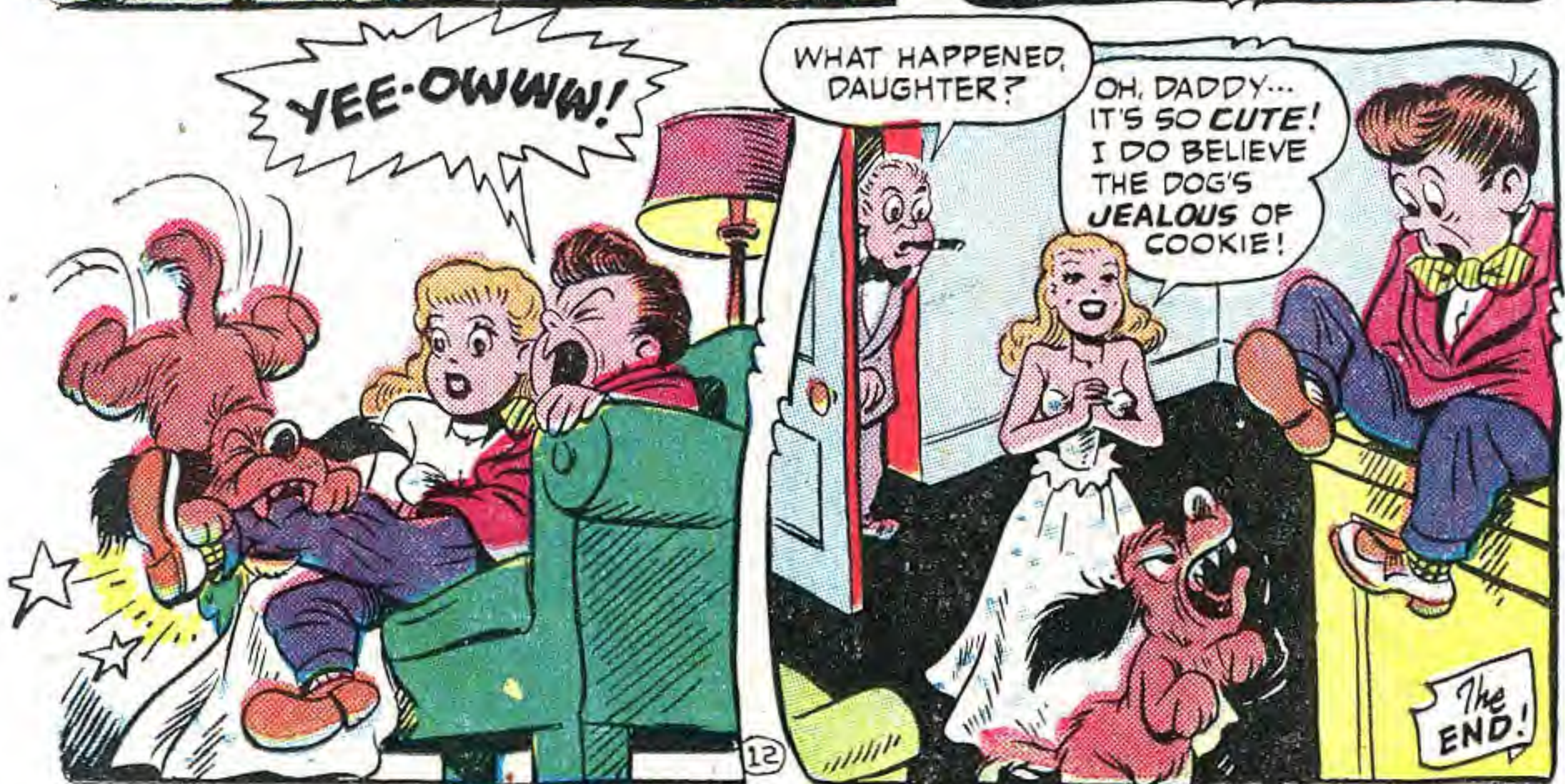
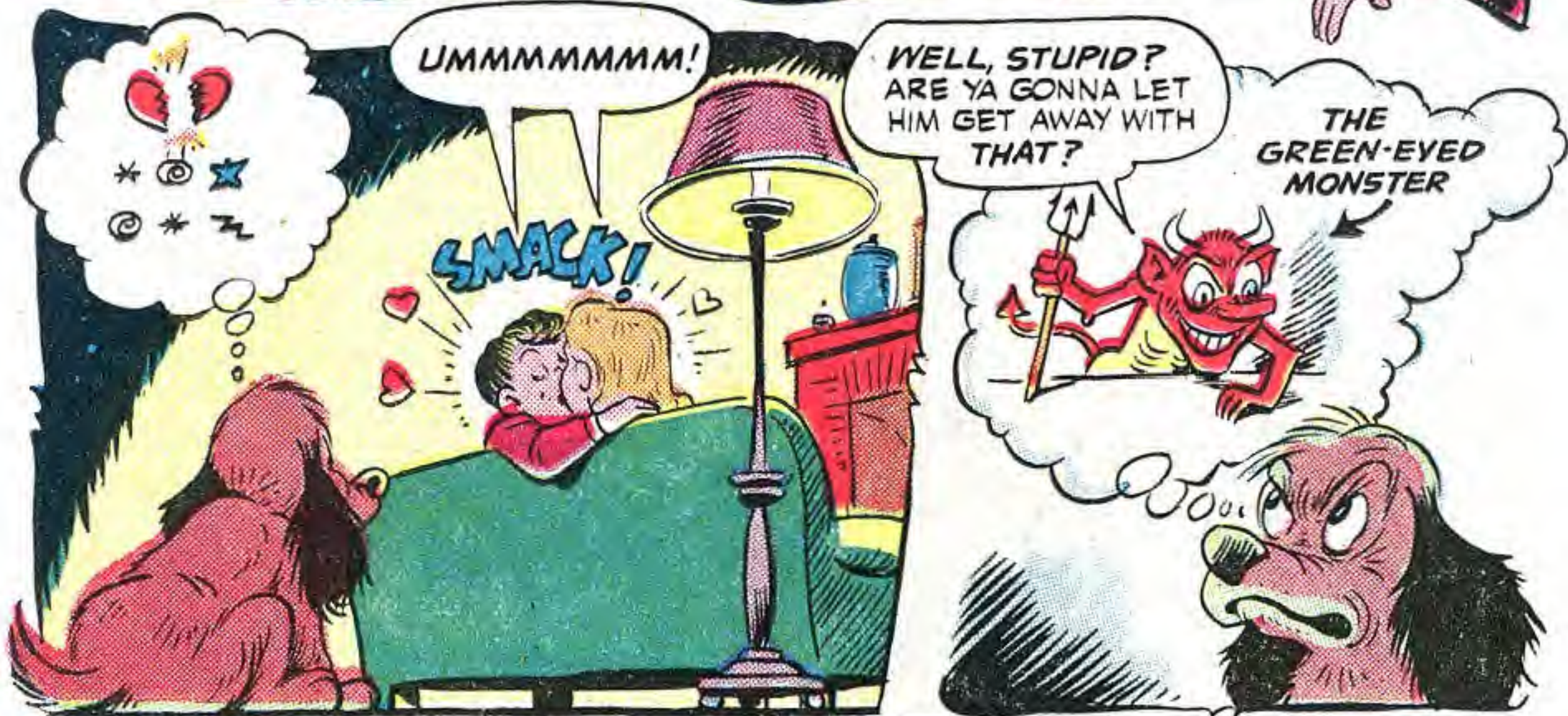
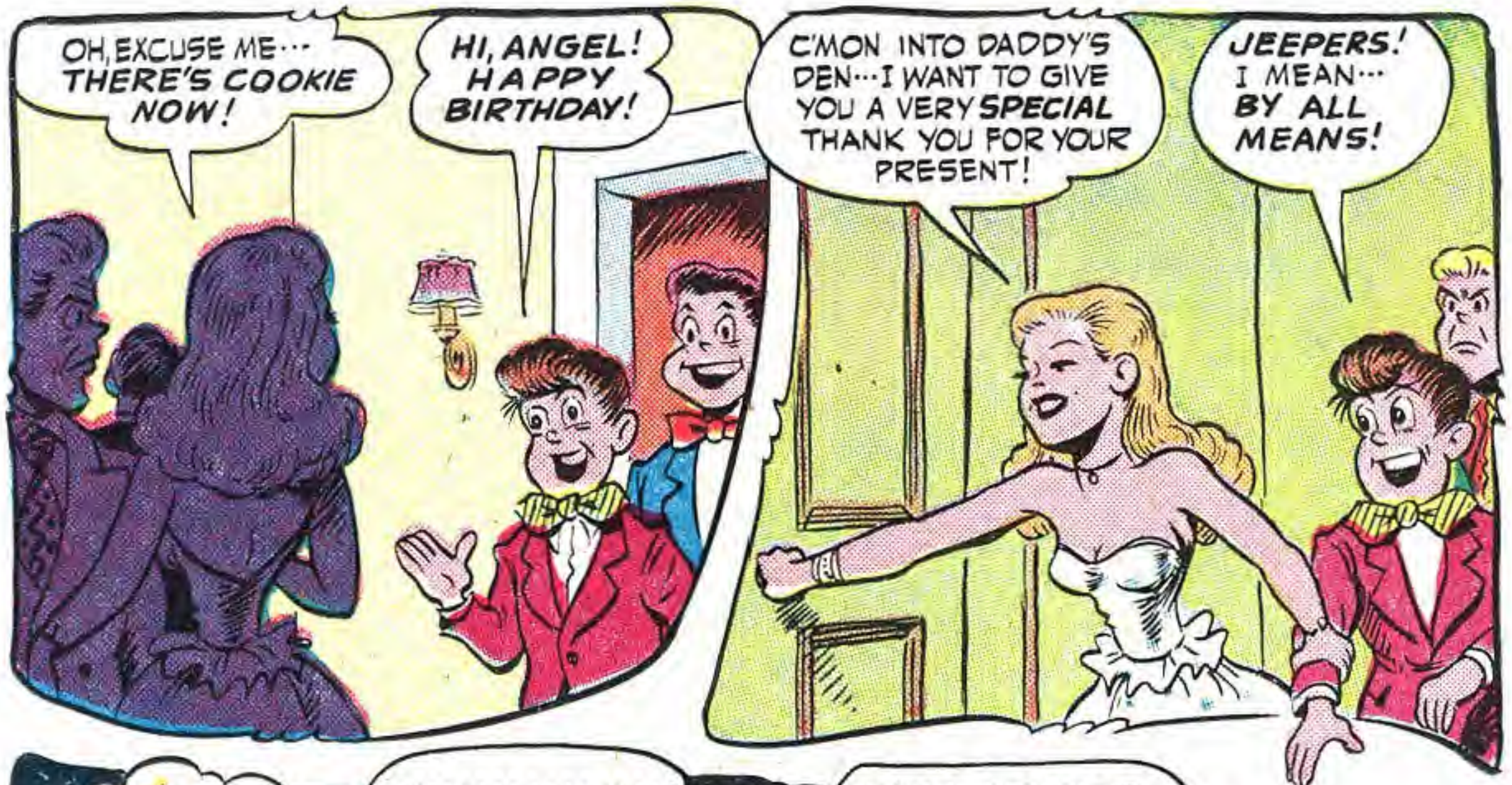
ER...MR. O'TOOLE!
THAT \$50 THAT'S
LEFT OVER...IT'S
...ER...OURS, YA
KNOW!

TAKE IT...
AND LET ME
GO HOME BE-
FORE ANYTHING
ELSE HAPPENS!

THANKS,
POP!







COOKIE,

Typical BOY

THERE was no doubt about it . . . Cookie O'Toole was being bawled out!

"Where's your *culture*?" Angelpuss Witherspoon snapped. "You're nothing but a *boor*, Cookie O'Toole! You know *nothing* of the *finer* things . . . art, music, science! Do you expect to spend your whole life being *frivolous*?"

"But, *Angel* . . ." Cookie protested weakly. "I never knew ya wanted me ta be *intelligent*!"

At that very moment, unknown to Angelpuss Witherspoon and Cookie O'Toole, another kind of conference was taking place in the dean's office.

"You say that you are doing a paper on the activities of the typical boy?" the dean was saying to a gray-bearded gentleman with a scholarly face. "I can assure you, Professor Musty, that the most typical boy in Harelip High School is a young man named . . . er . . . *Cookie O'Toole*!"

"Thank you, sir," the professor replied gravely. "I will endeavor to study this young man, if you will point him out to me. I will watch him unobserved, for I wish him to be perfectly *natural*. My thesis depends on my study of . . . what did you say his name is?"

"Cookie O'Toole," answered the dean, "and by a curious coincidence, there he goes now!"

"Then if you will excuse me, sir," Prof. Musty said, "I will start my research immediately by following him."

As the gray-bearded gentleman followed the unaware Cookie down the

street, he clutched a pad of paper and a well sharpened pencil. "Now," said he, "we are all ready to see what the typical boy does!"

The typical boy stopped in front of an imposing building, hesitated, and then entered through the enormous bronze doors.

"The typical boy," the professor wrote hastily, "visit the City Museum."

Inside the museum, Cookie paused before a huge painting, which depicted a table, laden with a fruit bowl, a flower vase, a stack of books, a platter of fish and a stuffed owl. Solemnly, he drew a magnifying glass from his pocket and proceeded to spend the next two hours examining every detail of the painting.

Prof. Musty watched Cookie's every move. "The typical boy," he noted, "is a deep student of fine arts. He will spend hours studying a painting and will devote his deepest attention and interest to its least detail."

Just then, Cookie replaced the magnifying glass in his pocket and walked out of the museum. The professor followed him eagerly, notebook in hand. He saw the typical boy enter the library, walk to a bookshelf labelled "Science" and select a ponderous volume.

Silently, Prof. Musty slipped into a chair near Cookie's and watched. Cookie was reading diligently a chapter headed "Nuclear Fission and Why" and as he read, he made neat, careful notes on a slip of paper.

The professor too made notes. "The typical boy does not confine his interest

to the arts alone," he wrote. "He is deeply engrossed in science and will seize every opportunity to delve into its depths."

Thus went the day. Shadowed by Prof. Musty, Cookie dipped into the concert hall for an hour of symphonic music and seemed to hang avidly over the edge of the balcony, catching every note.

On his way home, Cookie read a booklet on political science, the title of which was plainly seen by the all-observant eyes of Prof. Musty. That worthy old gray-beard was delighted with his findings. He could scarcely wait to set down on paper his observations, which would revolutionize the picture of the typical American boy.

All that night, and well into the next morning, the professor sat at his writing table, setting down his facts. "The typical boy is a serious music-lover. He is aware of governmental problems. For recreation, he haunts libraries, museums, concert halls, the ballet theater. Give him a slide rule and he is happy!"

The moment he had set down his conclusions, Professor Musty raced happily to the office of the dean. "My dear sir," he exulted, "I cannot thank you enough. The young man you selected for my observation was simply fascinating. I assure you . . ."

At that very moment, unknown to the dean and Prof. Musty, another conference was taking place between Angelpuss Witherspoon and Cookie O'Toole.

"Oh, Cookie," Angel was saying, "I take it all back. You were so much nicer the way you were . . . the way you really *are*! Can't you forget what I said and go back to being *yourself*?"

"Ya . . . ya *mean* it?" Cookie asked happily.

"I really do," Angelpuss smiled gently.

"Then let's go!" Cookie shouted.

Professor Musty was in the midst of a sentence to the dean when he was interrupted by a terrific racket on the street outside. Striding to the window, the dignified gray-beard gasped. "No!" he shrieked. "It *can't* be!"

He was looking at a brightly-painted jalopy racketing down the street towards the Soda Jerkerie. The driver of the jalopy kept honking his horn and shouting, "Bloop-bleep! Bloop-Bleep! *Yeeeeeow!*"

Frantically, Prof. Musty seized his hat and hastened after the careening car. He saw it come to a sudden stop, saw his typical boy help a pretty, golden-haired girl out of the car and then saw them both enter the Soda Jerkerie.

Coming closer, Prof. Musty saw an even more disturbing sight. In the ice cream parlor, his typical boy was bouncing up and down in what appeared to be some kind of wild, weird dance. Also hopping and kicking was the pretty girl. Some loud barbaric music issued from a brightly-colored machine.

"No!" shrieked the professor once more. "My thesis . . . *ruined!* That young scoundrel!"

Dashing into the Soda Jerkerie, Prof. Musty grabbed Cookie, turned him over his lap, and administered a sound spanking. Cookie was completely bewildered.

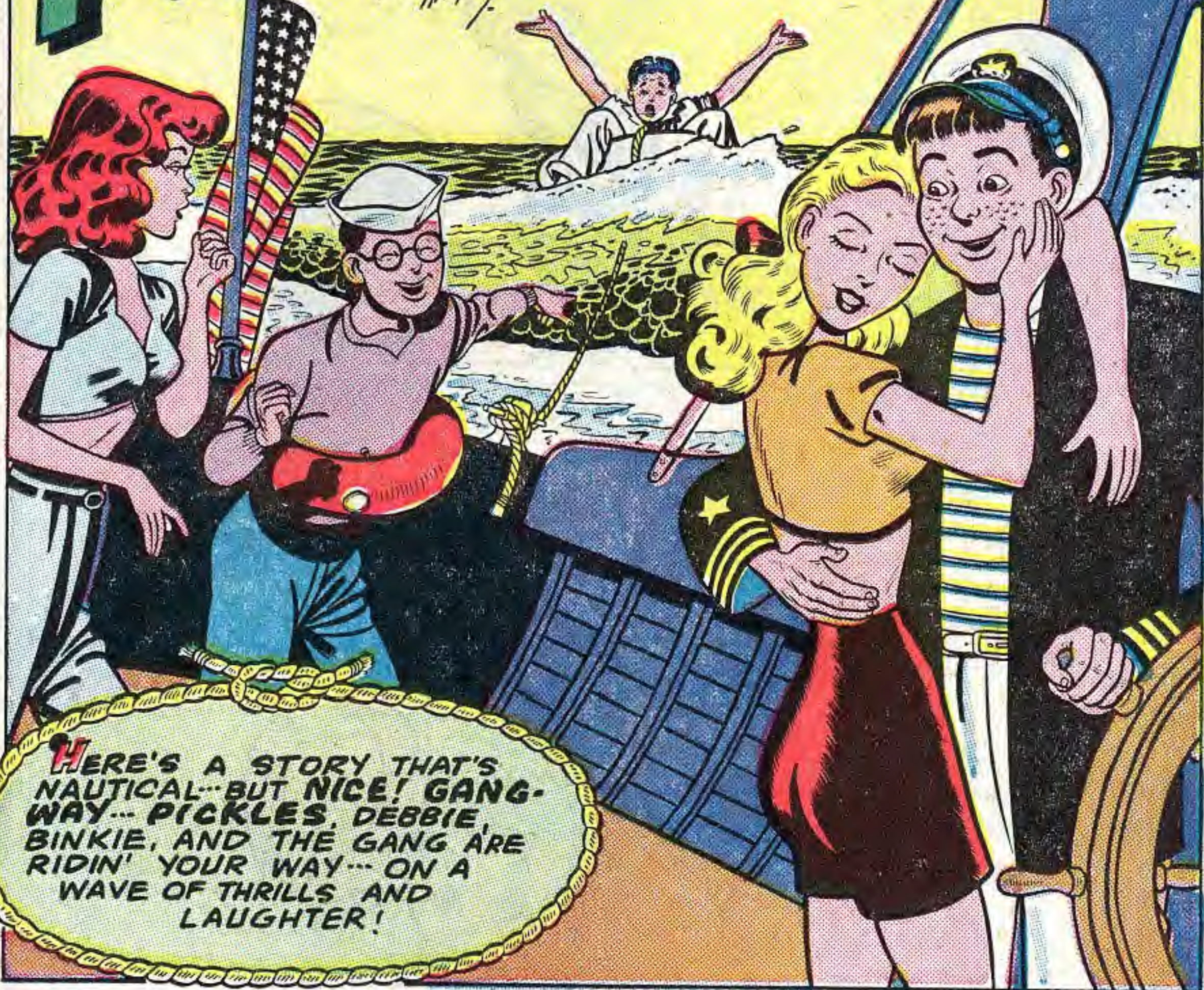
"Who . . . who . . . *ouch!* . . . are YOU?" he kept asking.

"Never mind," retorted the professor, stalking out.

And to this very day, Cookie O'Toole cannot understand why he got a trouncing from a dignified old gentleman he had never even *met!*

PICKLES

by AL HARLEY



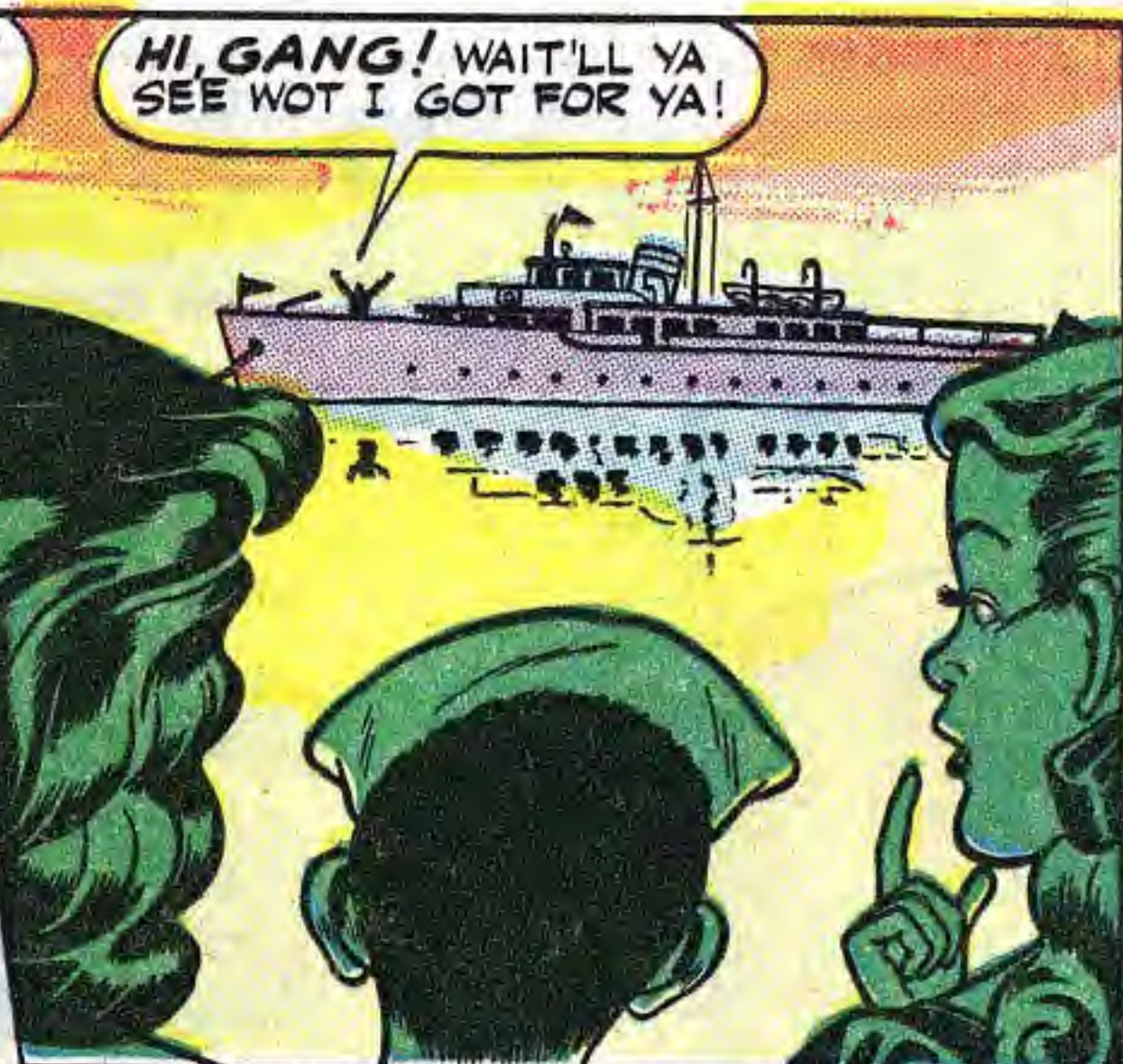
HERE'S A STORY THAT'S NAUTICAL...BUT NICE! GANG-WAY... PICKLES, DEBBIE, BINKIE, AND THE GANG ARE RIDIN' YOUR WAY... ON A WAVE OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER!

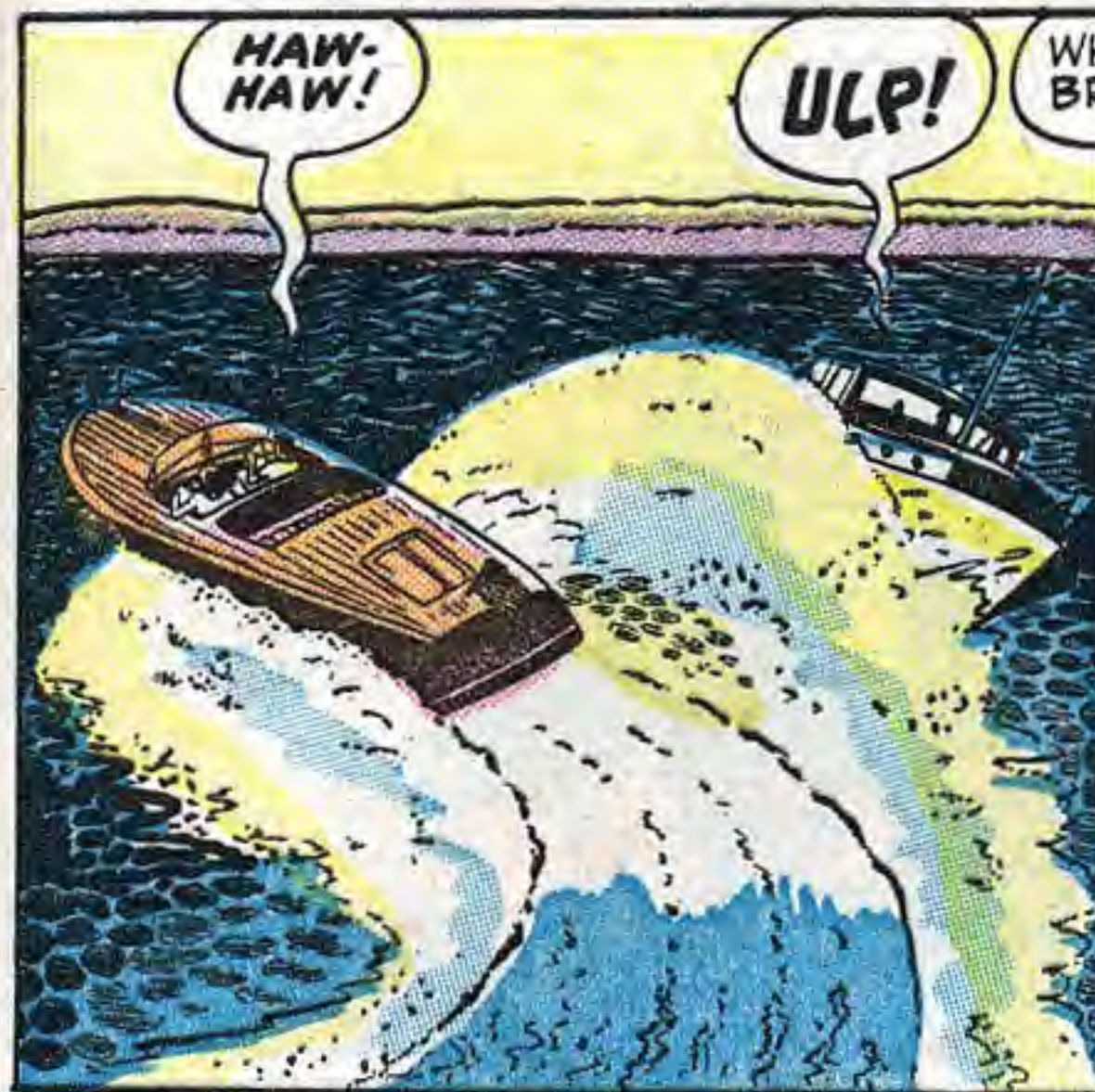
ZOWIE! PICKLES' IDEA OF RENTING A BOAT FOR THE DAY SURE IS SOLID!

YOU AIN'T JUST TALKIN', DEBBIE! YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF COKE!

BUT WHERE'S PICKLES? HE SAID HE'D MEET US AT THE DOCK!







HAW-HAW!

ULP!

WHO'S THAT BARNACLE-BRAINED PIRATE?

IT'S ROMEO RAVELLI!



GREETINGS, MATES! ISN'T IT TIME TA SCUTTLE THAT SCOW?



CAST OFF, ROMEO...BEFORE I COMMIT MARINE MAYHEM! THIS BOAT IS A VULNERABLE...ER...AH... VENERABLE CRAFT!

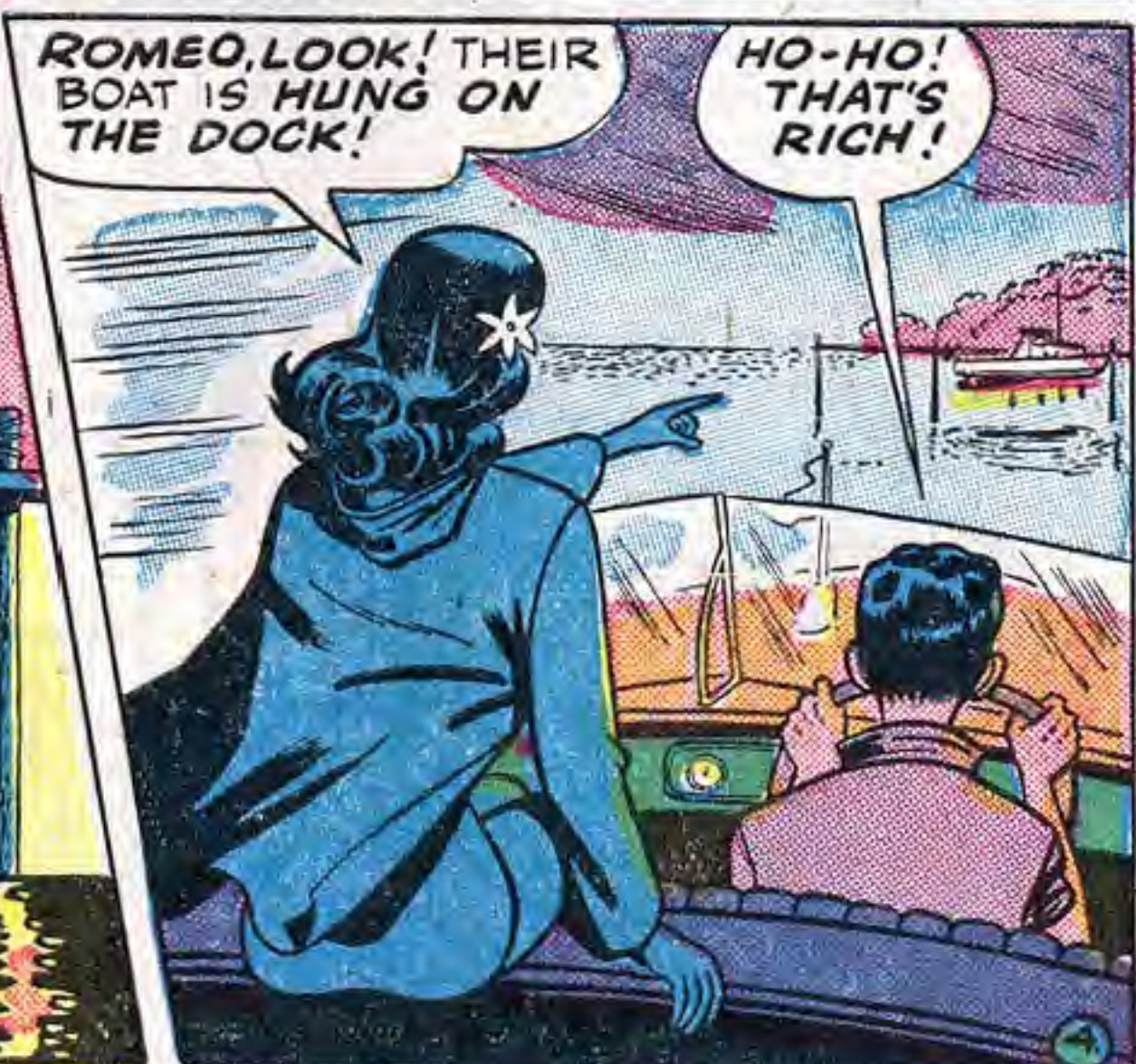
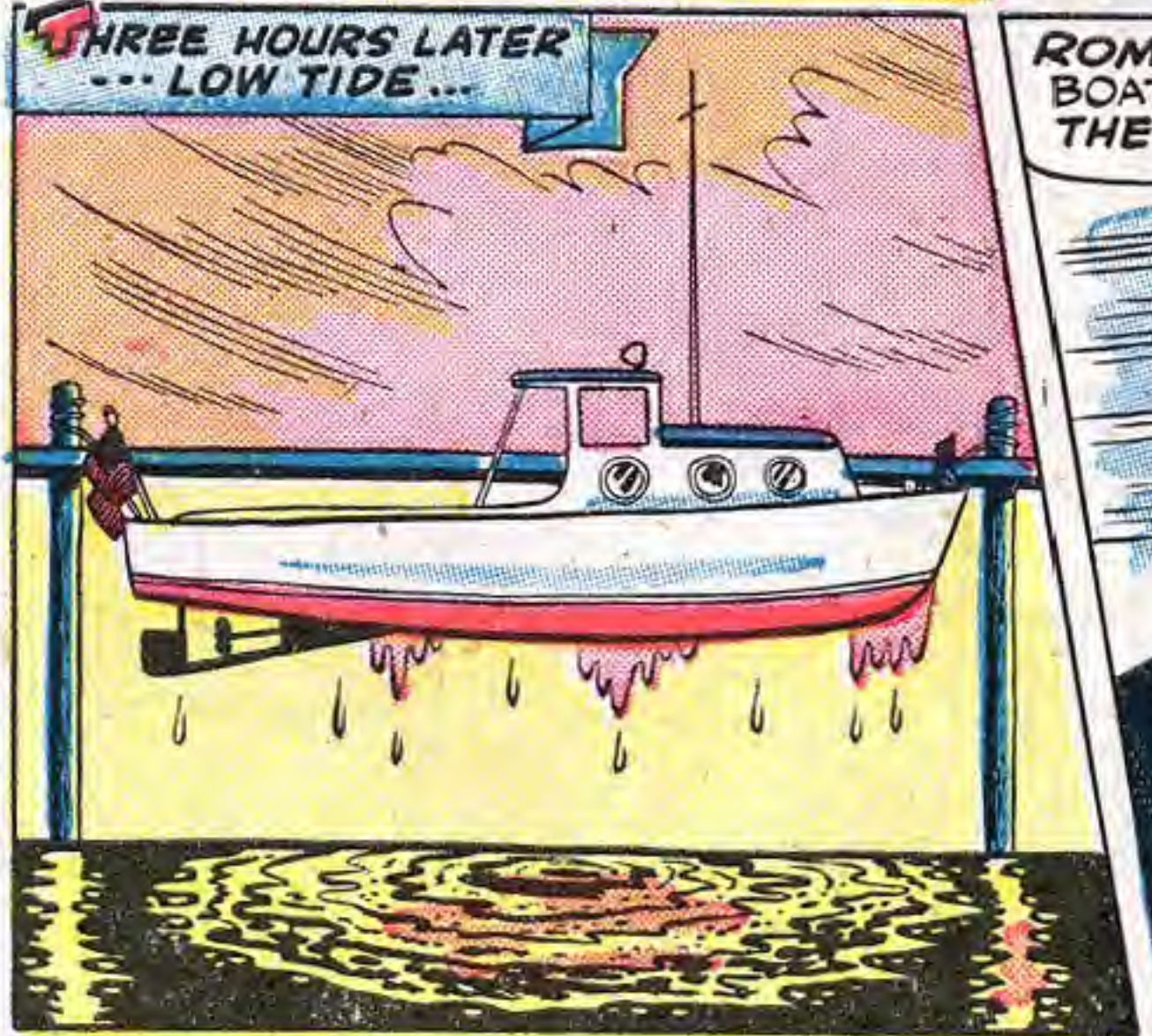
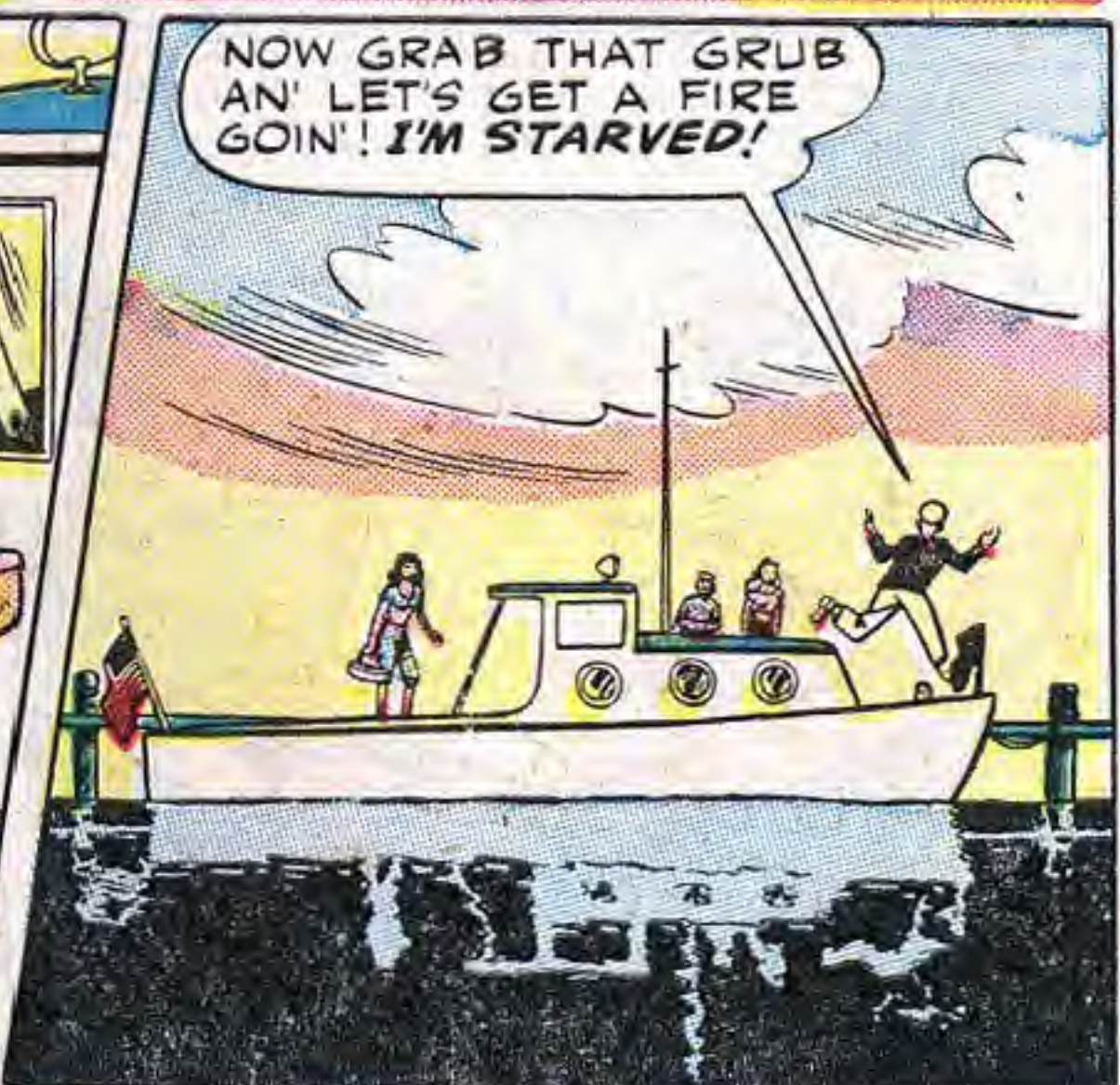
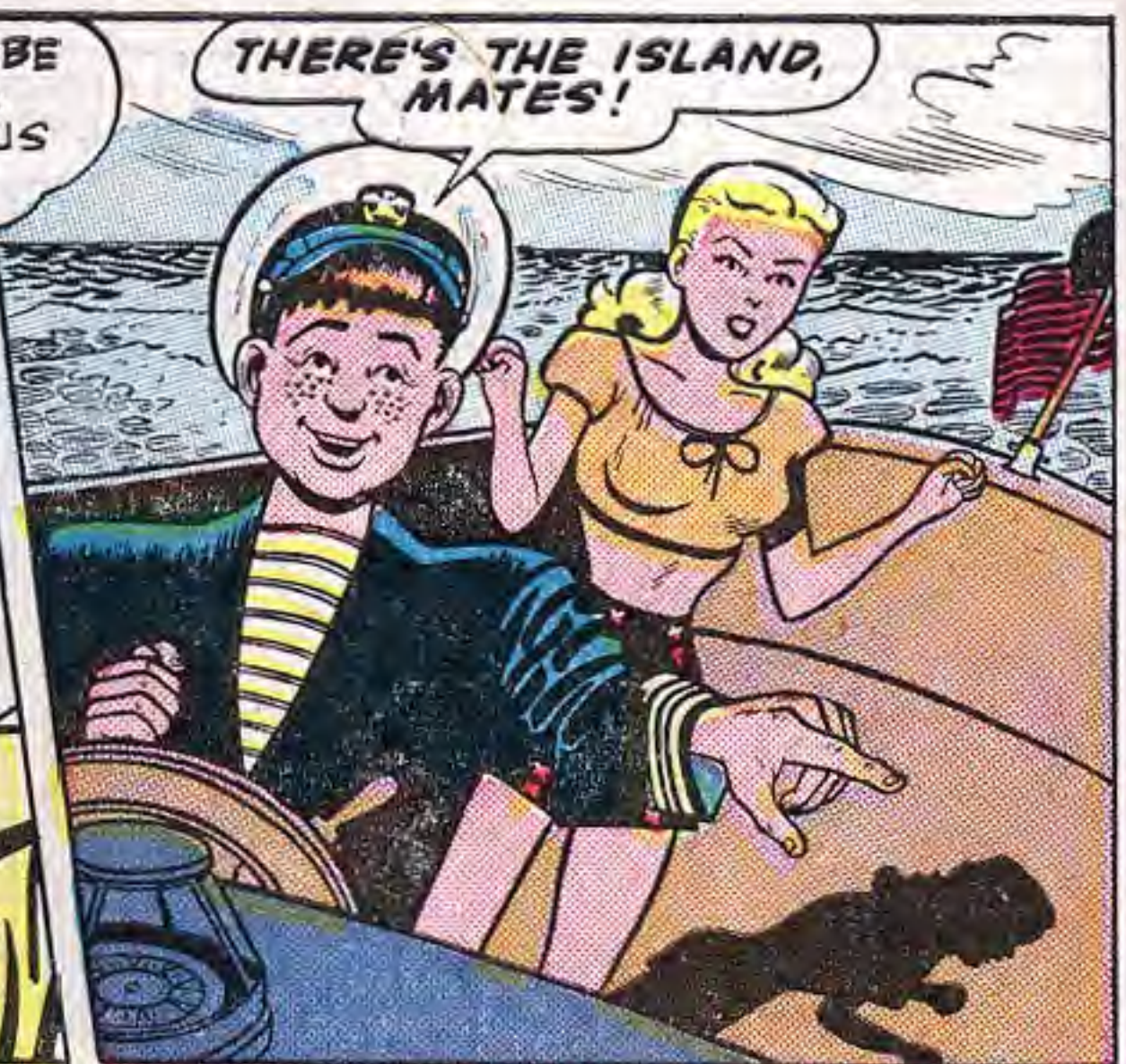


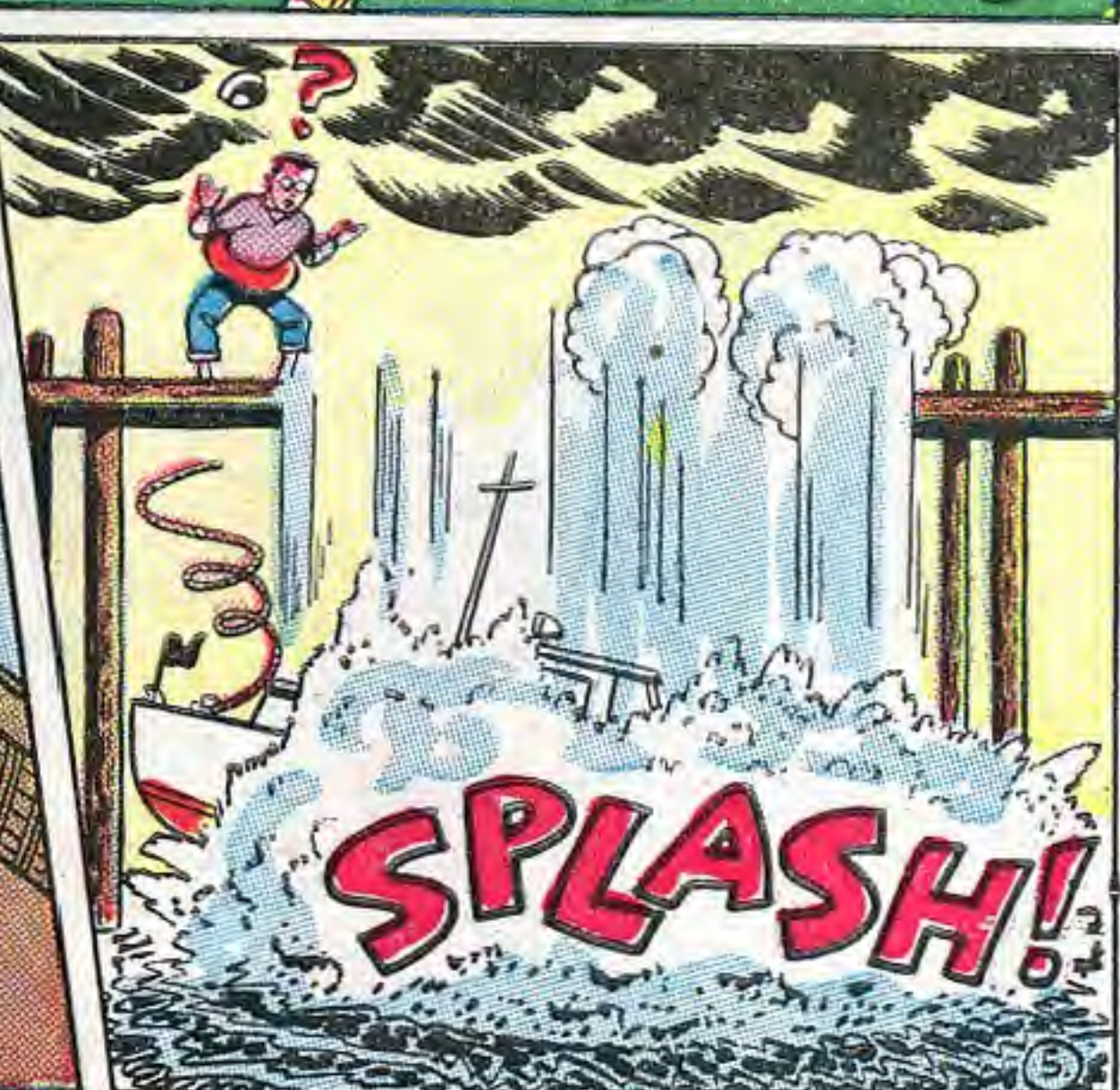
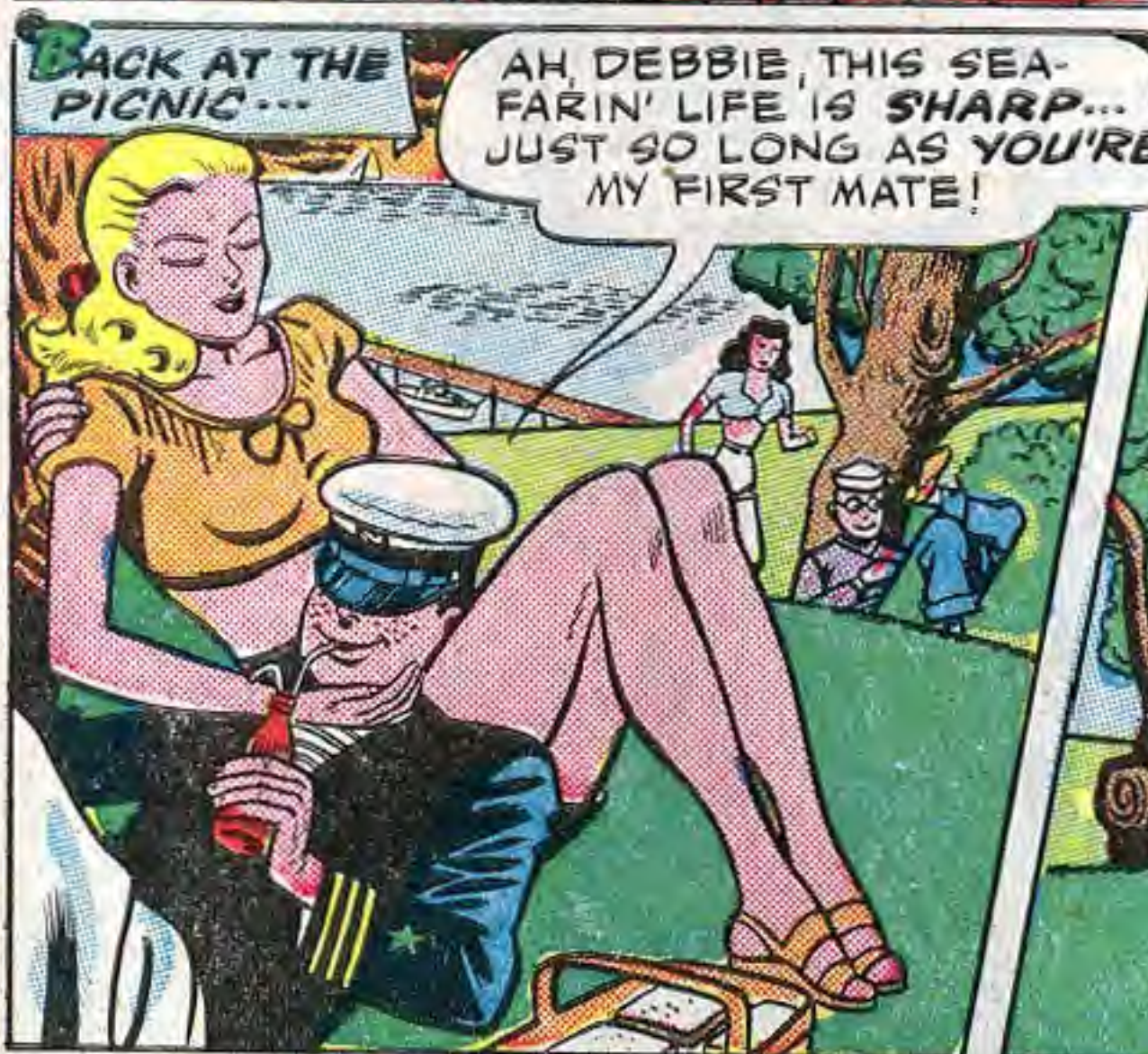
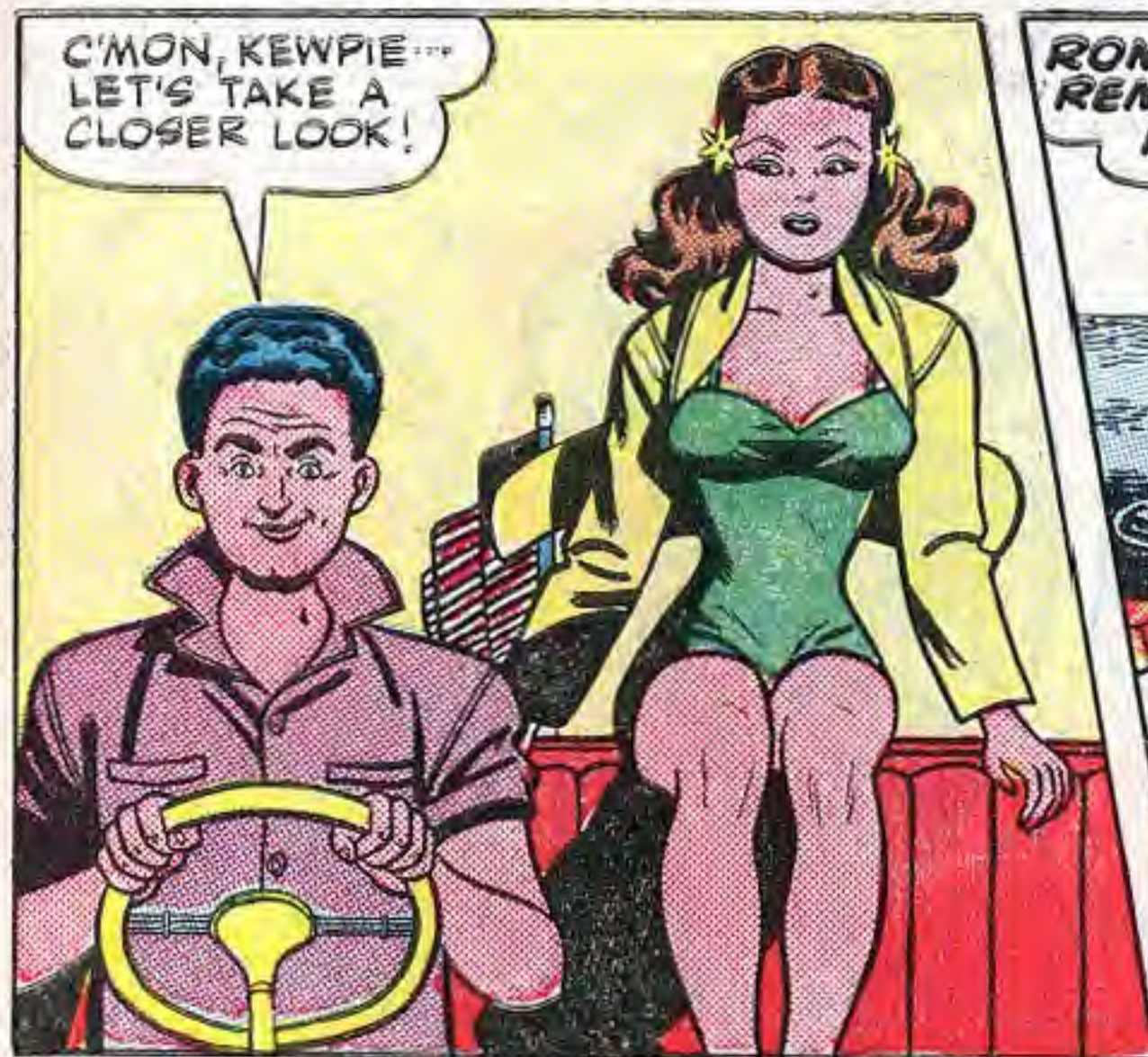
YEAH, IT'LL NO DOUBT RUN WHEREVER THE GROUND'S A LITTLE MOIST! WELL, SO LONG, YOU MUD-FLAT SEAMEN!



GOSH, BINKIE...DO YOU THINK WE'LL SEE A WHALE BLUBBER?

A WHALE BLUBBER?





THAT DROP WUZ
ROUGH! I CAN'T
CONTROL THE BOAT--
OUR **RUDDER'S**
MISSING!

THANK GOODNESS
IT'S UNDERWATER
AND **NO ONE WILL**
NOTICE IT!

COZY THOUGHT, BIRD-BRAIN!
IN THE MEANTIME, WE'RE DRIFT-
ING FURTHER AWAY FROM
LAND!



HERE COMES A
BOAT! IT'S **ROMEO!**

I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE GLAD TO
SEE **THAT GUY!**

THANKS A BUNCH,
ROMEO! HERE'S A
ROPE...YOU CAN
TOW US!

NO THANKS,
PICKLES...**YOU**
CAN STAY IN THE BRINE
AWHILE! BUT I'LL TAKE
THE **GALS** ASHORE
AND COME **BACK**
FOR YOU!



GO AHEAD, DEBBIE.
THE WEATHER'S
GETTIN' BAD!

OKAY PICKLES,
IF YOU SAY
SO...

DO YA THINK HE'LL
BE B-BACK FOR US,
PICKLES?

WOT DO
YOU THINK?
GRRRRRR!



MEANWHILE...

NOW THAT WE'RE IN THE INLET AND ON SMOOTH WATER, HOW'S ABOUT A NICE RIDE, DEBBIE?

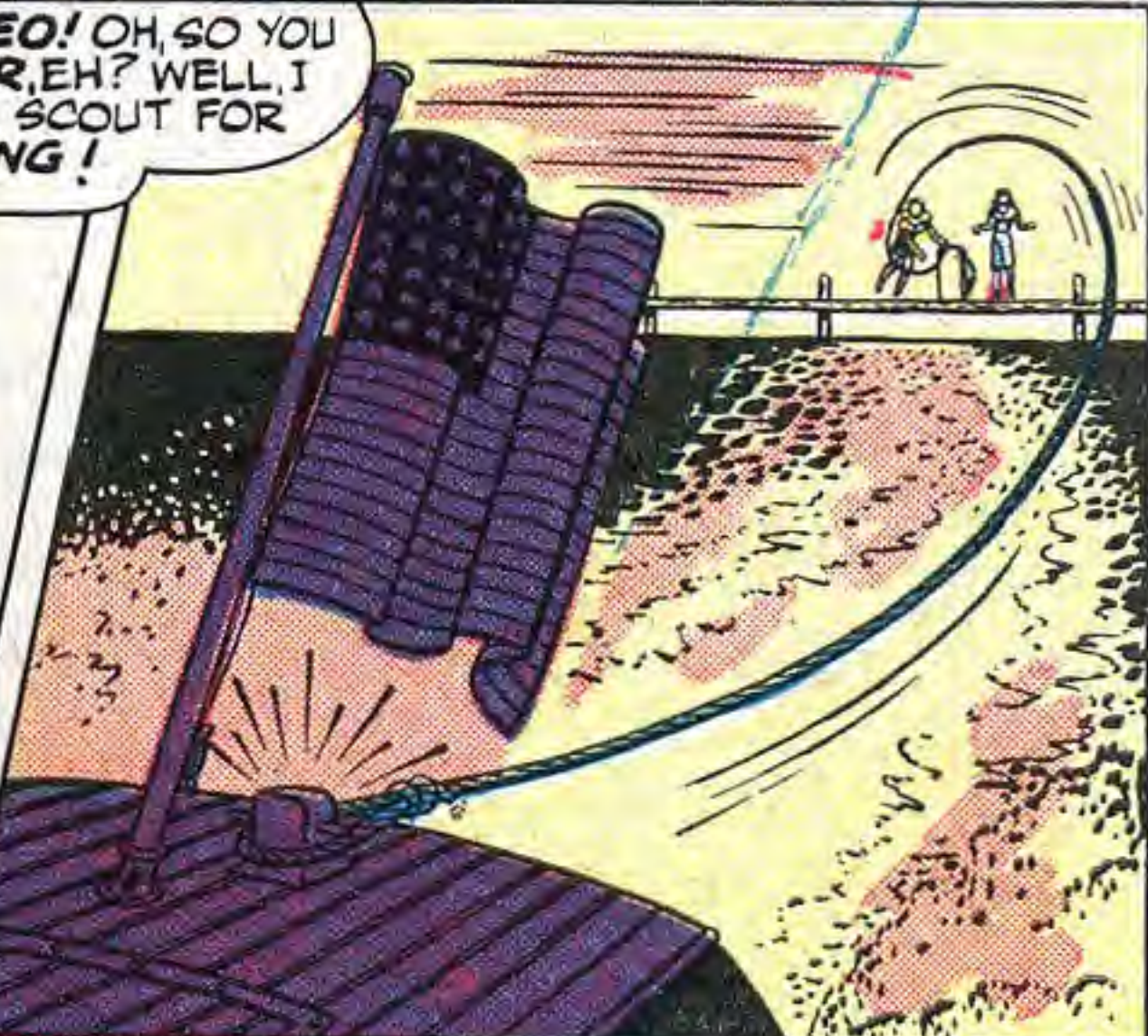
YOU'RE STILL ON ROUGH WATER WITH ME, ROMEO! TAKE ME ASHORE AND GO FOR PICKLES!

HERE Y'ARE, DEBBIE, BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY!

WH-WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S THE RUDDER FROM THE "DEEP SEA DOODLE"!



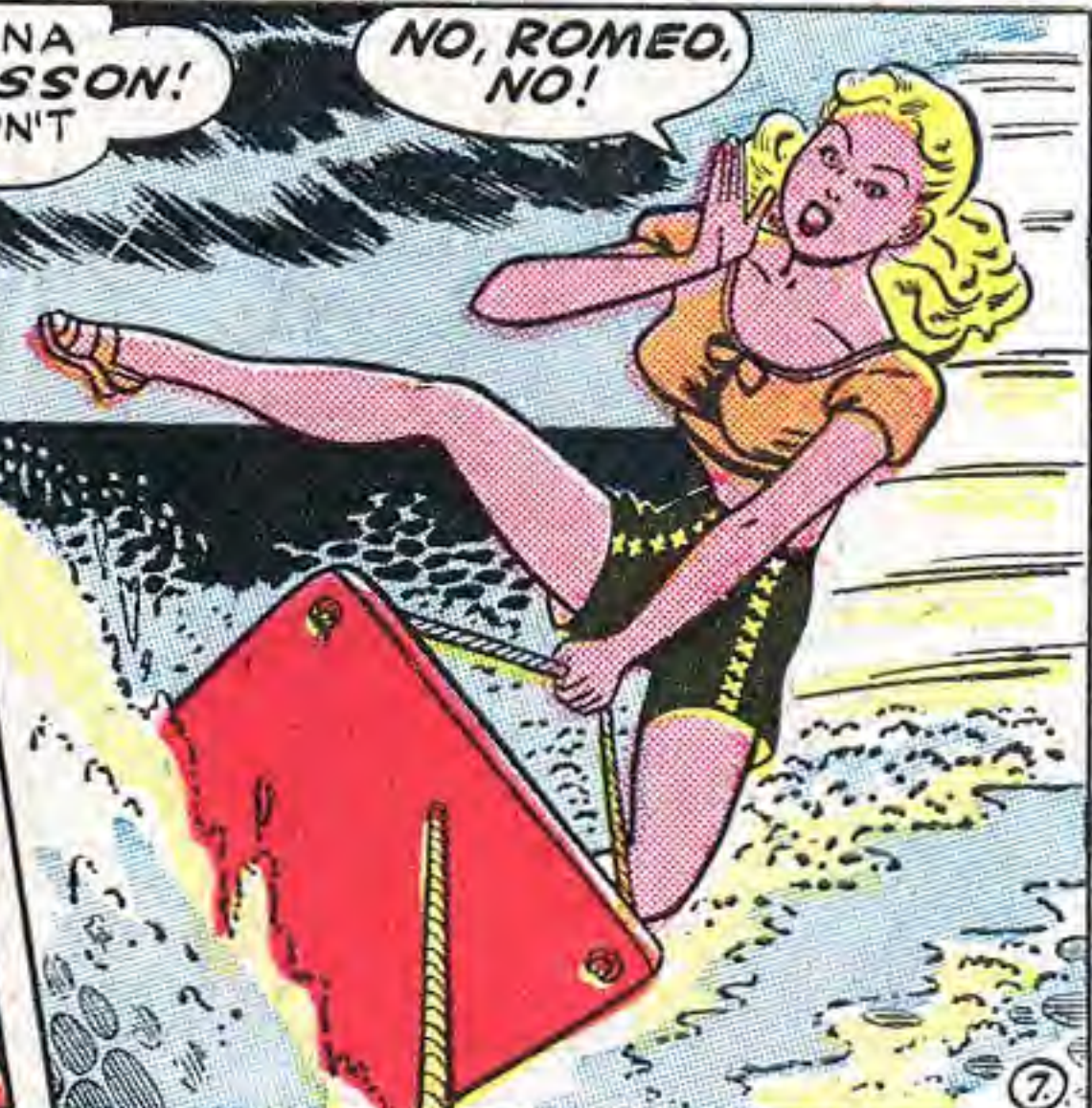
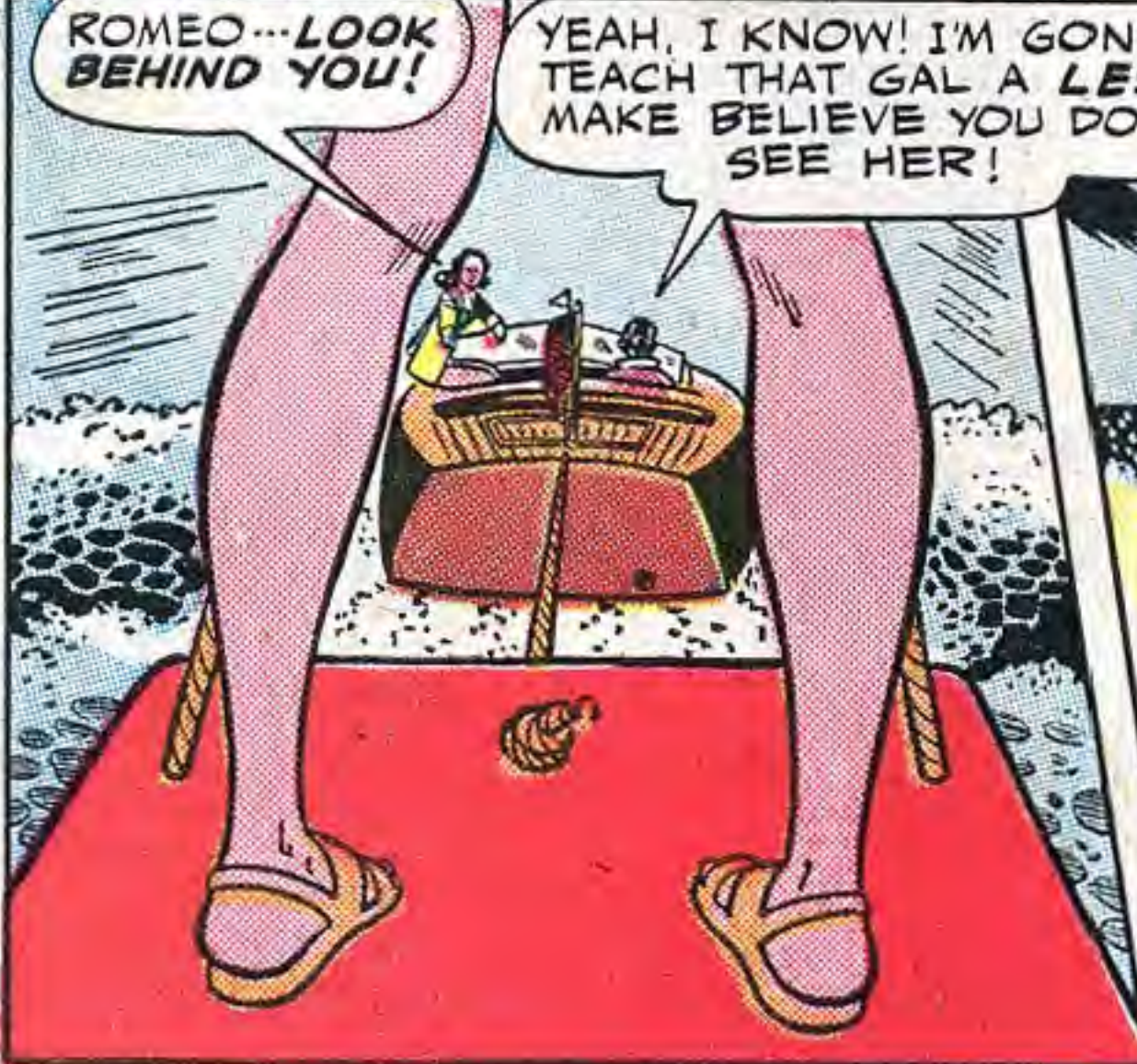
ROMEO! ROMEO! OH, SO YOU WON'T ANSWER, EH? WELL, I WASN'T A GIRL SCOUT FOR NOTHING!

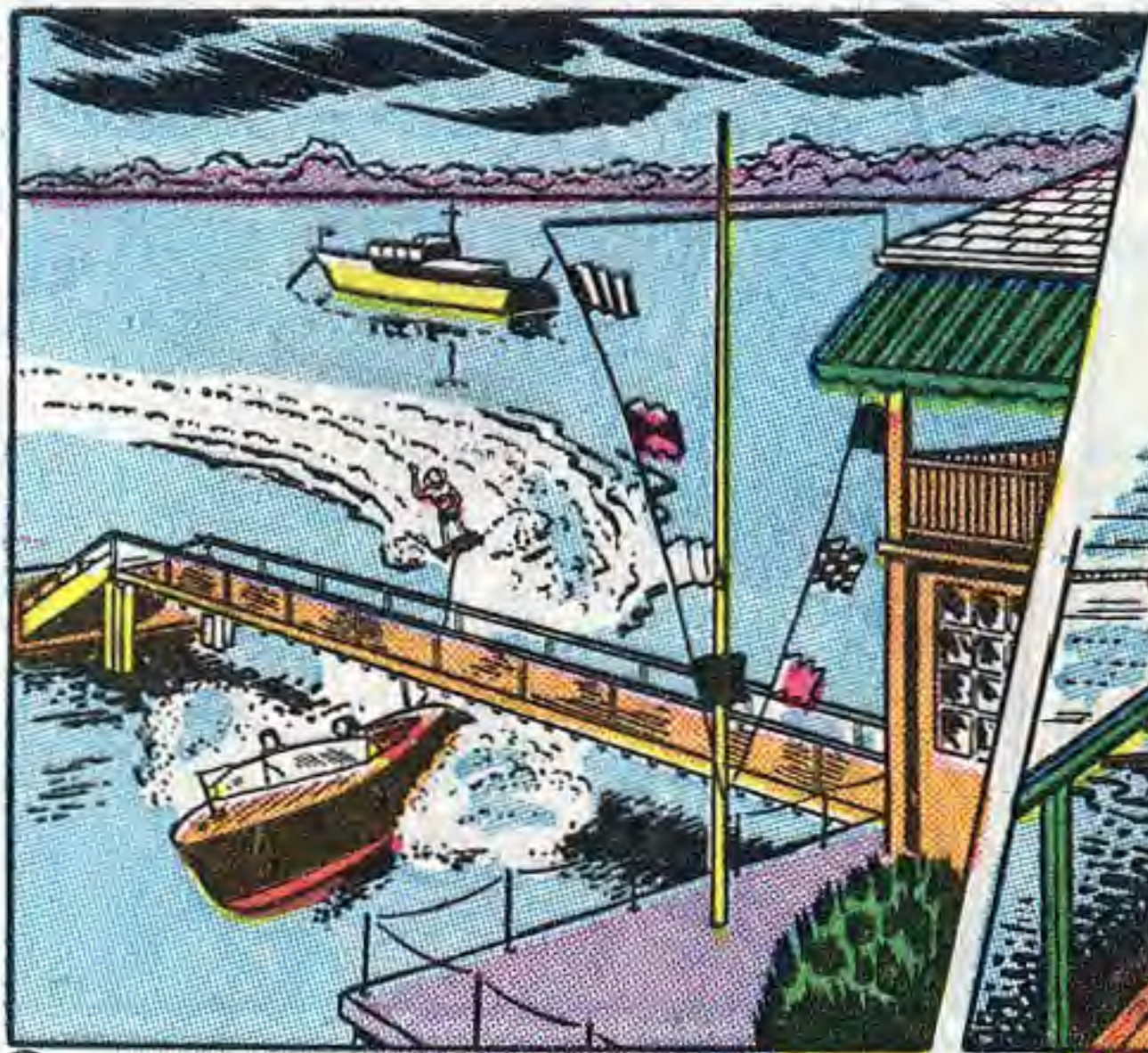


ROMEO...LOOK BEHIND YOU!

YEAH, I KNOW! I'M GONNA TEACH THAT GAL A LESSON! MAKE BELIEVE YOU DON'T SEE HER!

NO, ROMEO, NO!





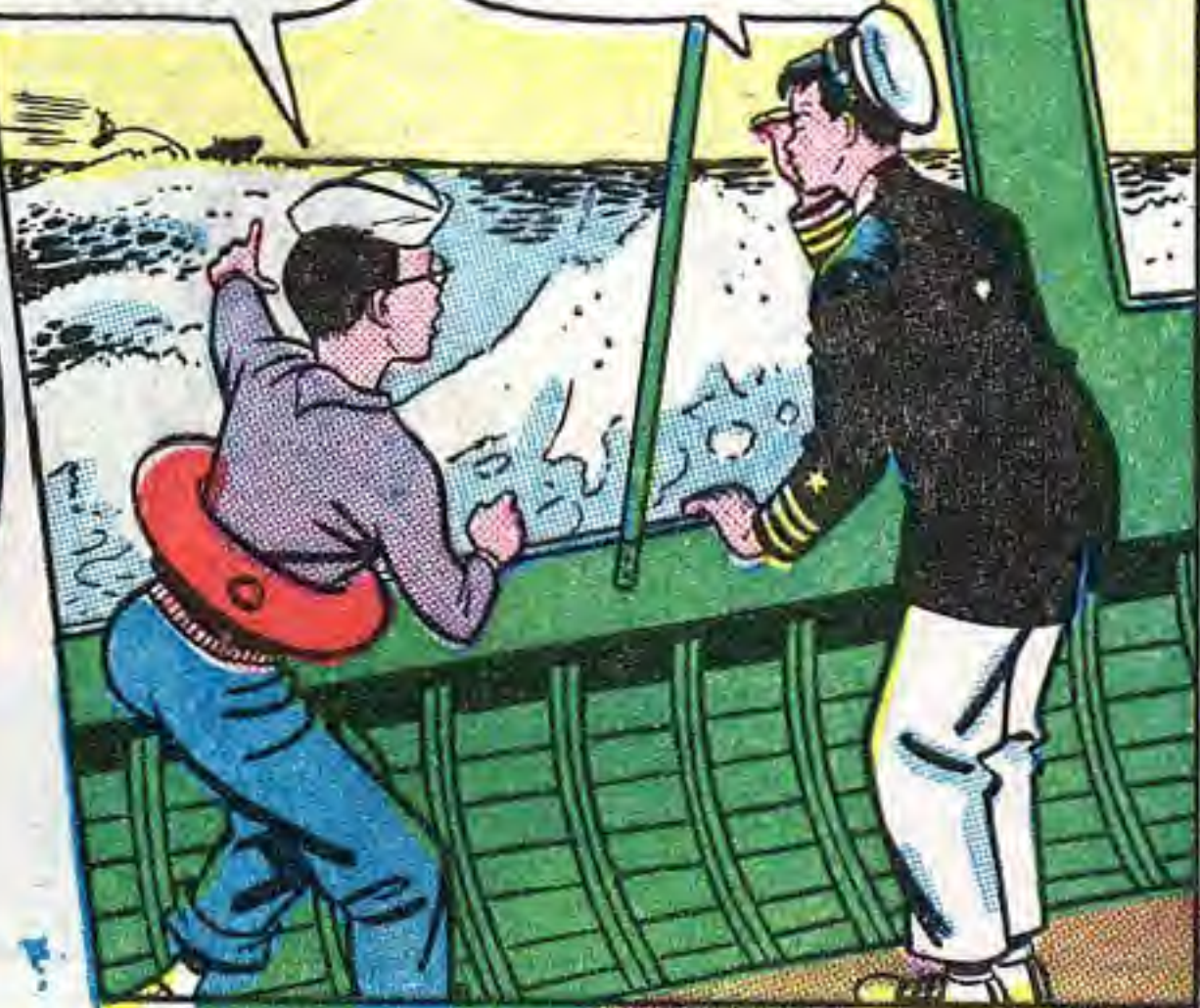
**BACK ON THE "DEEP
SEA DOODLE"...**

PICKLES, I'VE BEEN ON
THIS WATER SO LONG I'M
BEGINNIN' TA RECOGNIZE
HALF THE WAVES I MEET!



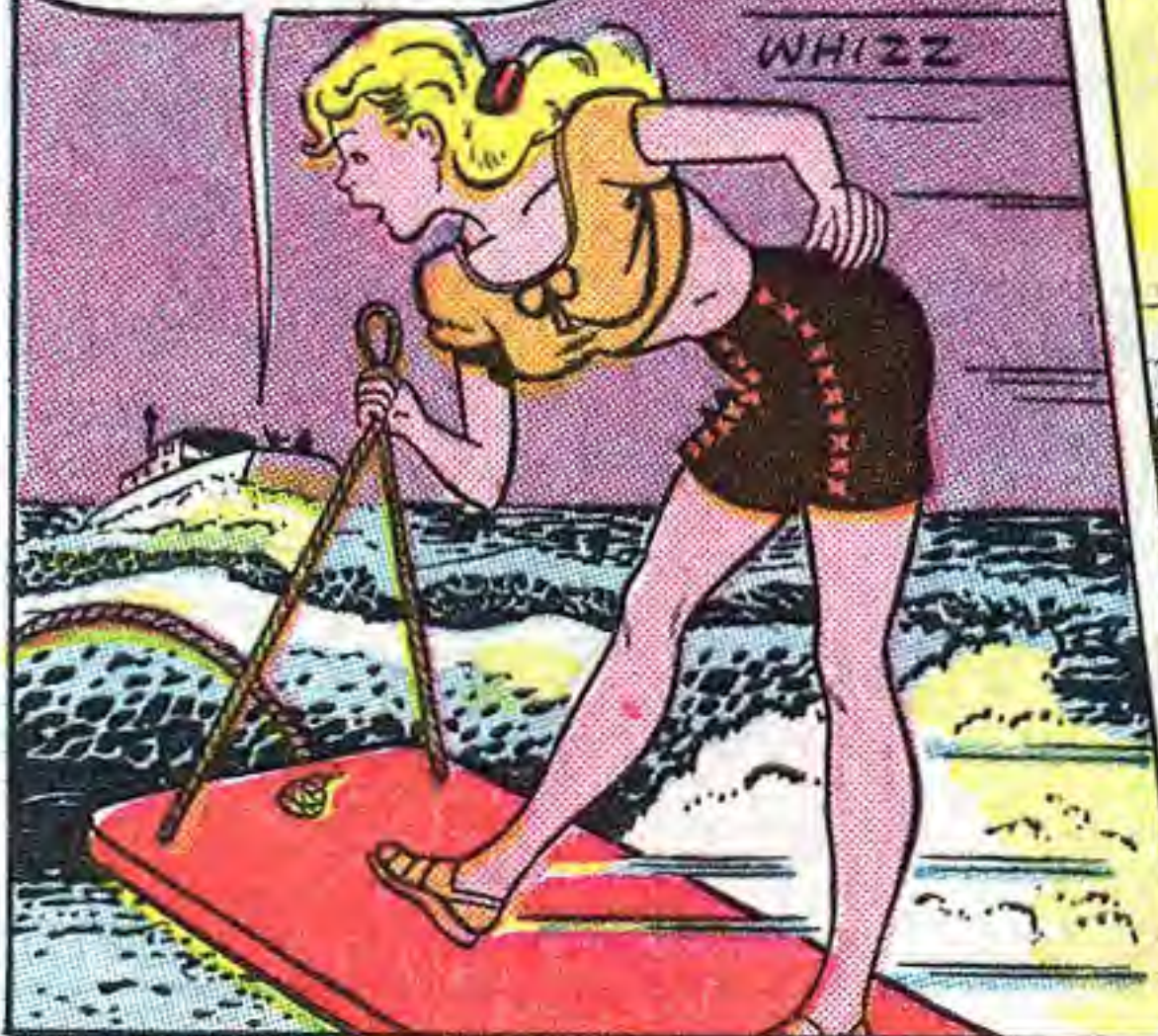
LOOK! HERE
COMES ROMEO!

BUT WHAT'S THAT
BEHIND HIM?



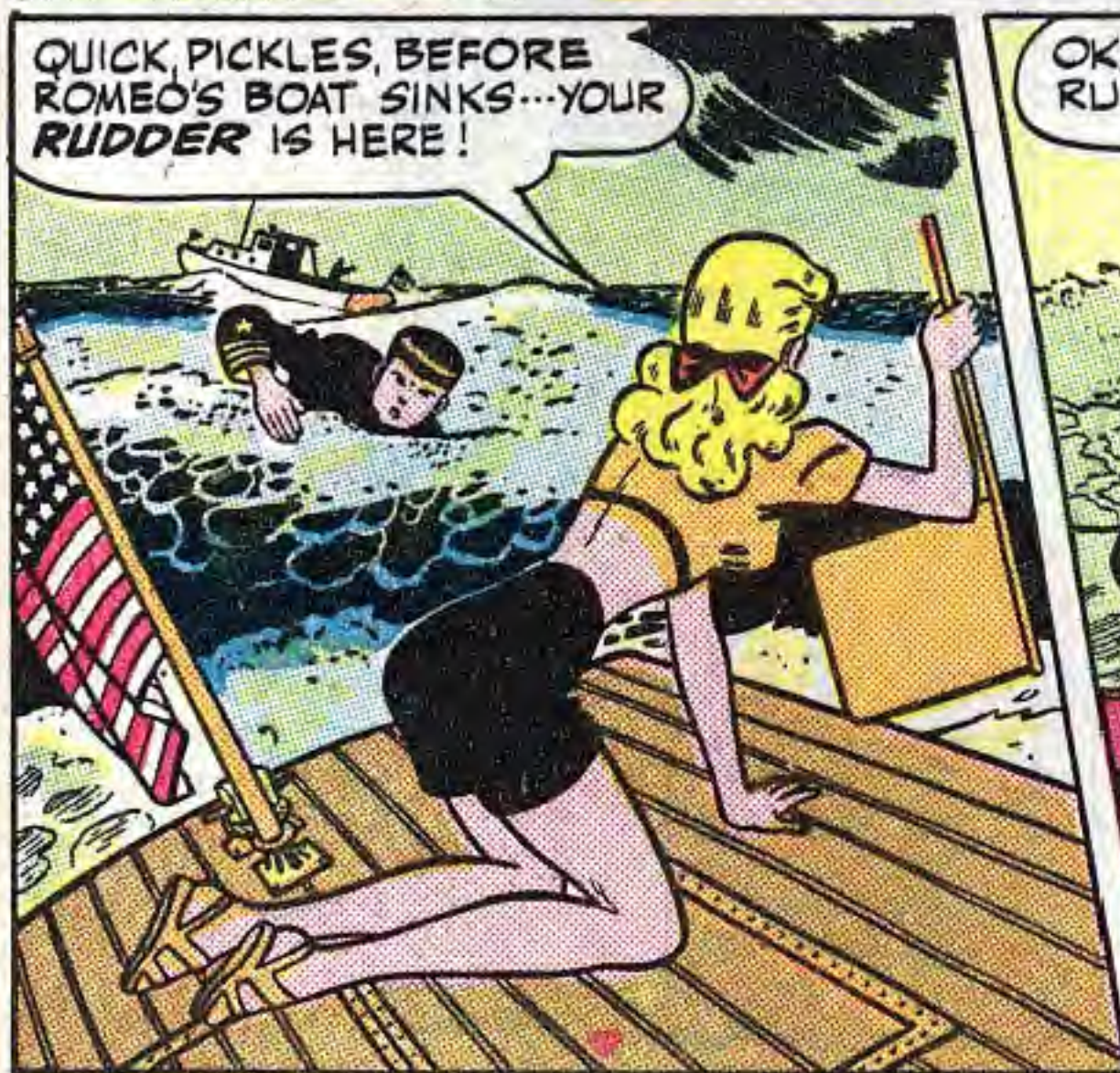
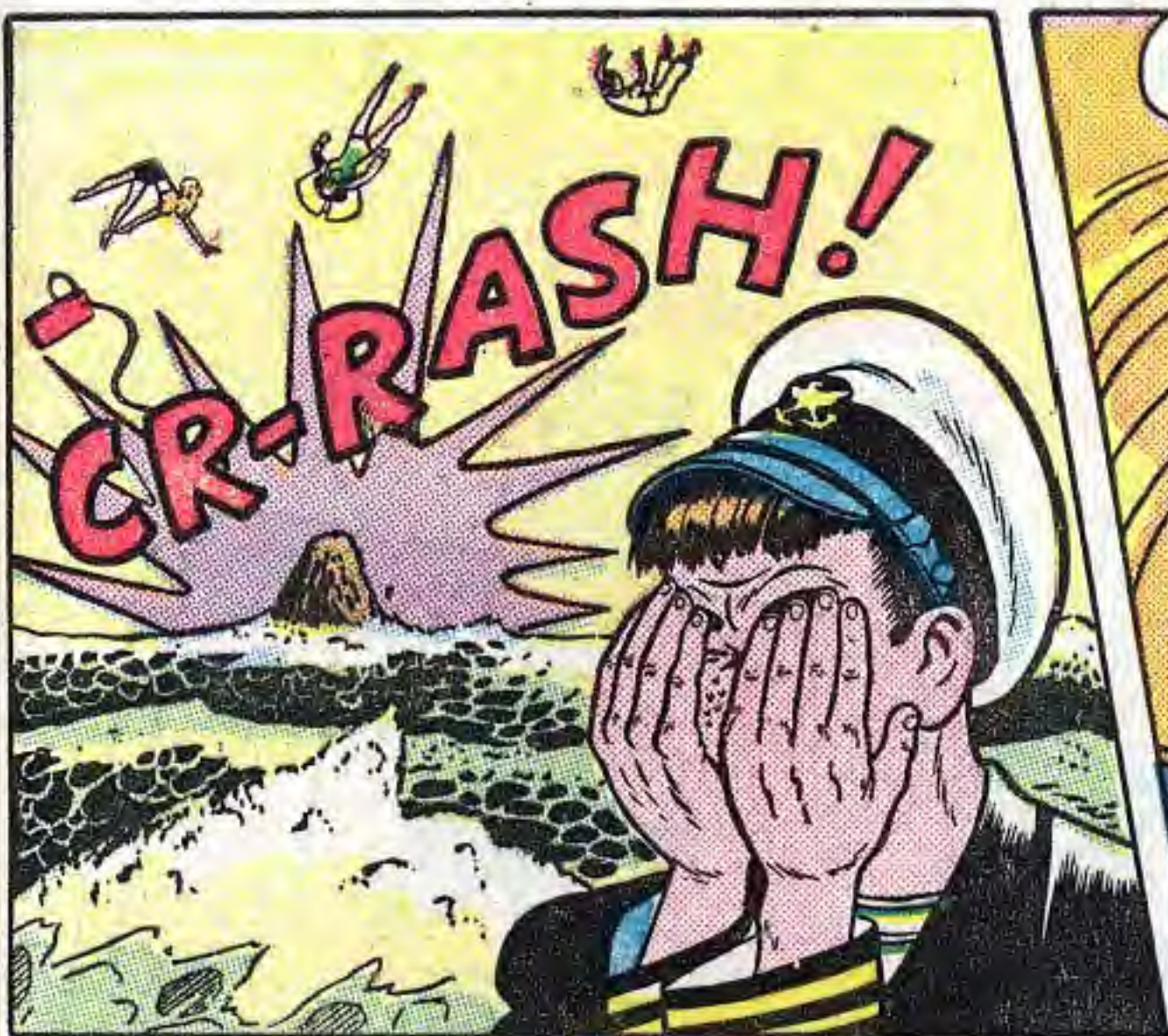
IT'S DEBBIE...ON
AN AQUAPLANE!

WHIZZ



JUMPIN' BILGE-PUMPS!
DOESN'T ROMEO SEE THAT
ROCK? HE'S TEARIN'
STRAIGHT FOR IT!





NOW! You Can Get The Official

LONE RANGER SECRET CODE PEN SET!

AMAZE AND MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS!

AN EVERLAST
PRODUCT



Plenty
FUN
for you

LIMITED OFFER!

Three Beautiful
ball-point
Secret Code Pens

PLUS

A handsomely em-
bossed leather scab-
ard holder **ALL FOUR**
FOR ONLY

\$1.00
For
Complete
Set

**HERE'S A
SENSATIONAL BUY!**
**BE THE FIRST
TO HAVE THIS
WONDERFUL
COMBINATION!**

BLUE
The Lone Ranger's
Secret Code Pen

RED
Danger Signal Pen

GREEN
Tonto's Own Pen

ACT NOW! RUSH YOUR ORDER!

From _____

Address _____

Enclosed is \$_____. Rush Me At
Once _____ Official Lone Ranger
Secret Code Pen Sets.

Sorry—Our Amazing Price
Permits No C.O.D. Orders.

B & M Distributing Co. Inc.
45 West 45th Street
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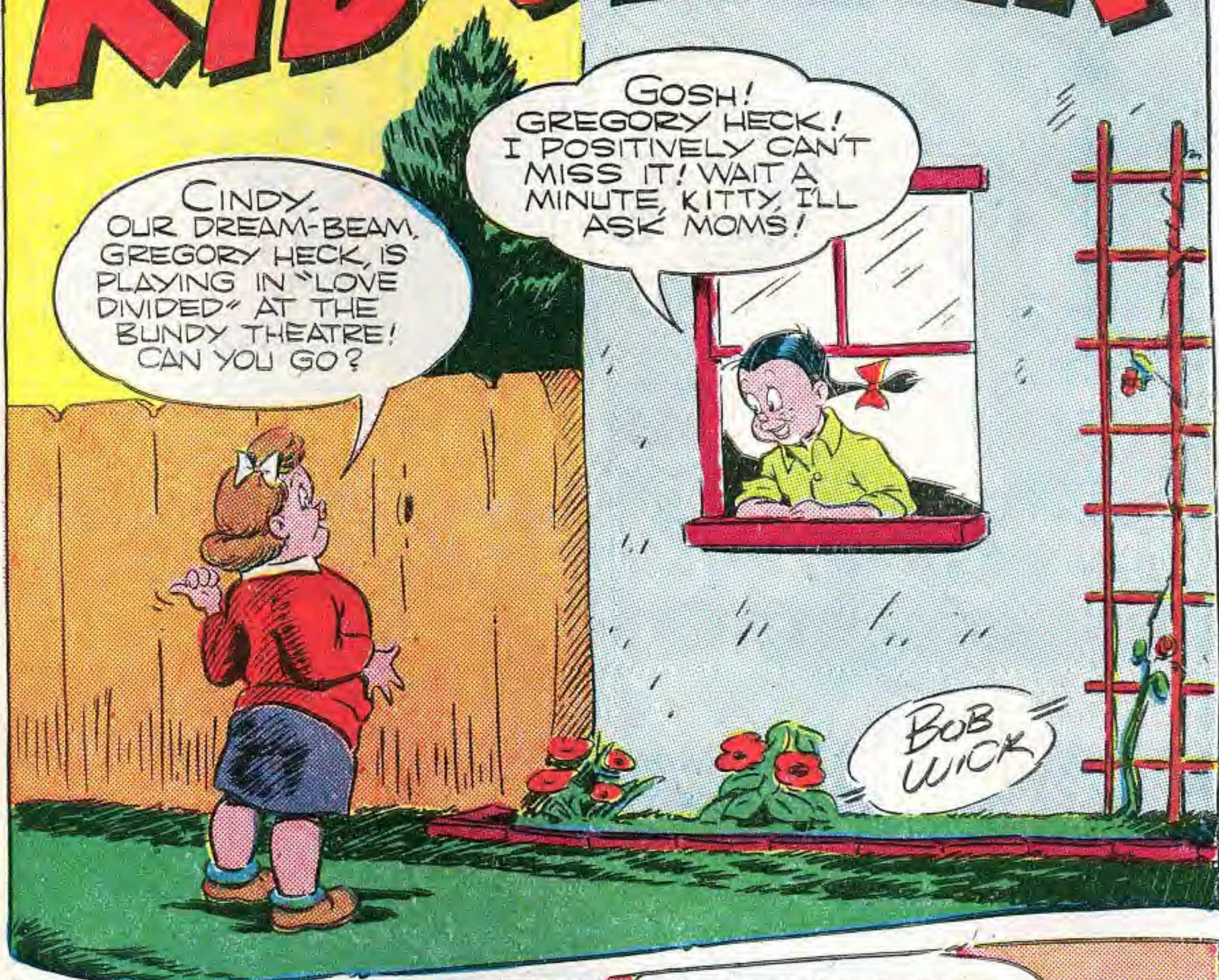
Each of the Secret Code pens is shaped like the Lone Ranger's own Silver Bullet. Each one writes with special secret code ink. Danger Red, High-ho Green and Ranger Blue. Write up to three years.

You Can Send Secret Messages With Hidden Meaning, Make Secret Signs and Maps, and A Hundred Different Secret Code Purposes That Only Your Friends Will Solve!

The Genuine Leather Belt Scabbard Is Beautifully Embossed With Pictures Of The Lone Ranger, his horse Silver, and Tonto, his Faithful Indian Friend. It Can Be Attached Right To Your Belt! **DON'T DELAY — SEND FOR YOURS TODAY!**

B & M Distributing Co. Inc.
45 West 45th Street
New York City, N. Y.

OUR KID SISTER



CINDY,
OUR DREAM-BEAM,
GREGORY HECK, IS
PLAYING IN "LOVE
DIVIDED" AT THE
BUNDY THEATRE!
CAN YOU GO?

GOSH!
GREGORY HECK!
I POSITIVELY CAN'T
MISS IT! WAIT A
MINUTE, KITTY, I'LL
ASK MOMS!

BOB
WICK

MOM! CAN I GO
TO THE SHOW WITH
KITTY, HUH MOM,
CAN I??

WELL, IF YOU'VE
CLEANED UP
YOUR ROOM,
I GUESS IT'S
ALL RIGHT!

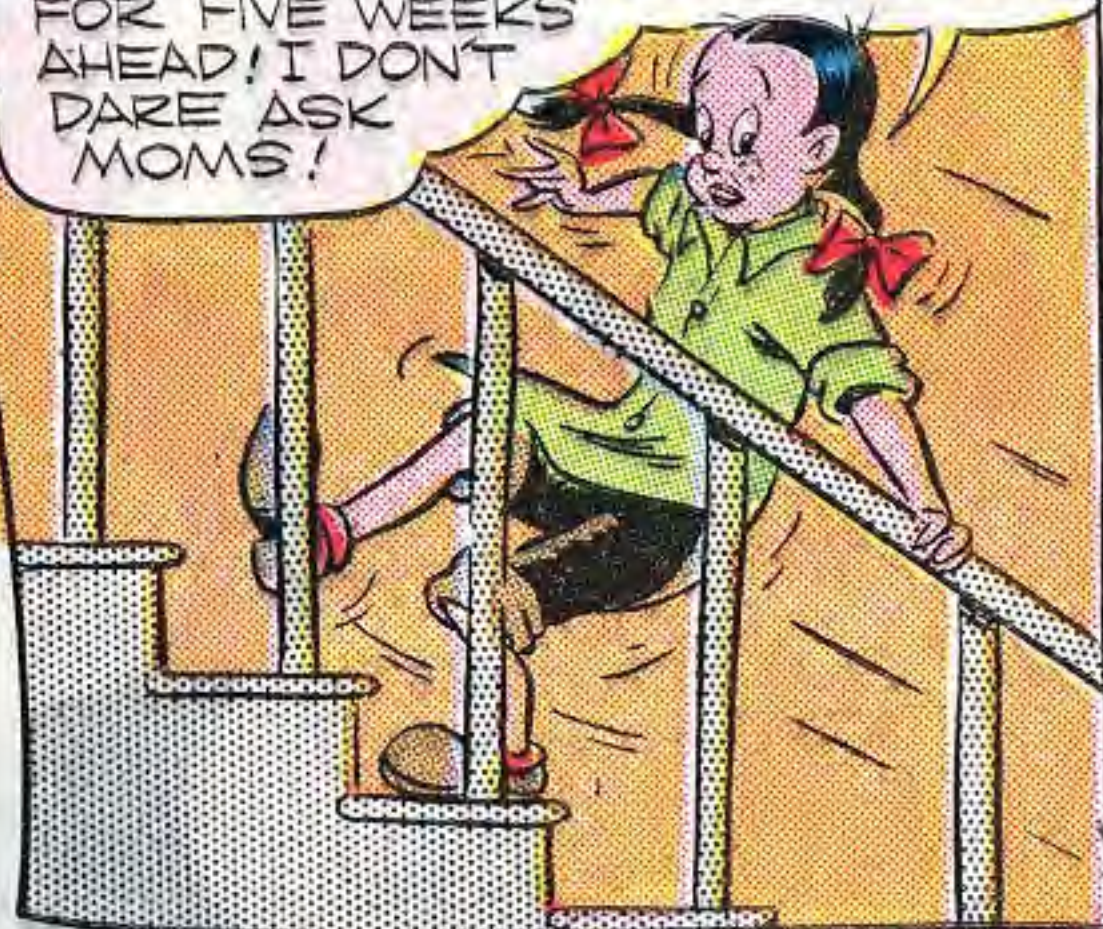
I'VE CLEANED IT UP
SUPER SPIC AN' SPAN!
GEE, MOMS! THANKS!

JUST SEE
IT ONCE, DEAR,
WE'RE EATING
EARLY TONIGHT!

I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES SO'S
I'LL LOOK MY BEST WHEN I
WATCH GREGORY HECK ON
THE SCREEN!



WHOA! COME TO THINK ABOUT
IT, IT'LL TAKE MONEY TO GO TO
THE SHOW, AN' I'M BROKE! I'VE
ALREADY BORROWED ON MY ALLOWANCE
FOR FIVE WEEKS
AHEAD! I DON'T
DARE ASK
MOMS!



HEY, KITTY! HOW'S
ABOUT LOANING ME
THE SMALL SUM
OF FIFTY
CENTS?

GOLLY, CINDY,
I'VE JUST
GOT ENOUGH
FOR ME!!



LOOKS LIKE IT'S CURTAINS
FOR ME! I GUESS YOU'LL
HAVE TO GO ALONE,
KITTY, UNLESS--



GIVE, LITTLE
PIGGY-WIGGY,
GIVE!

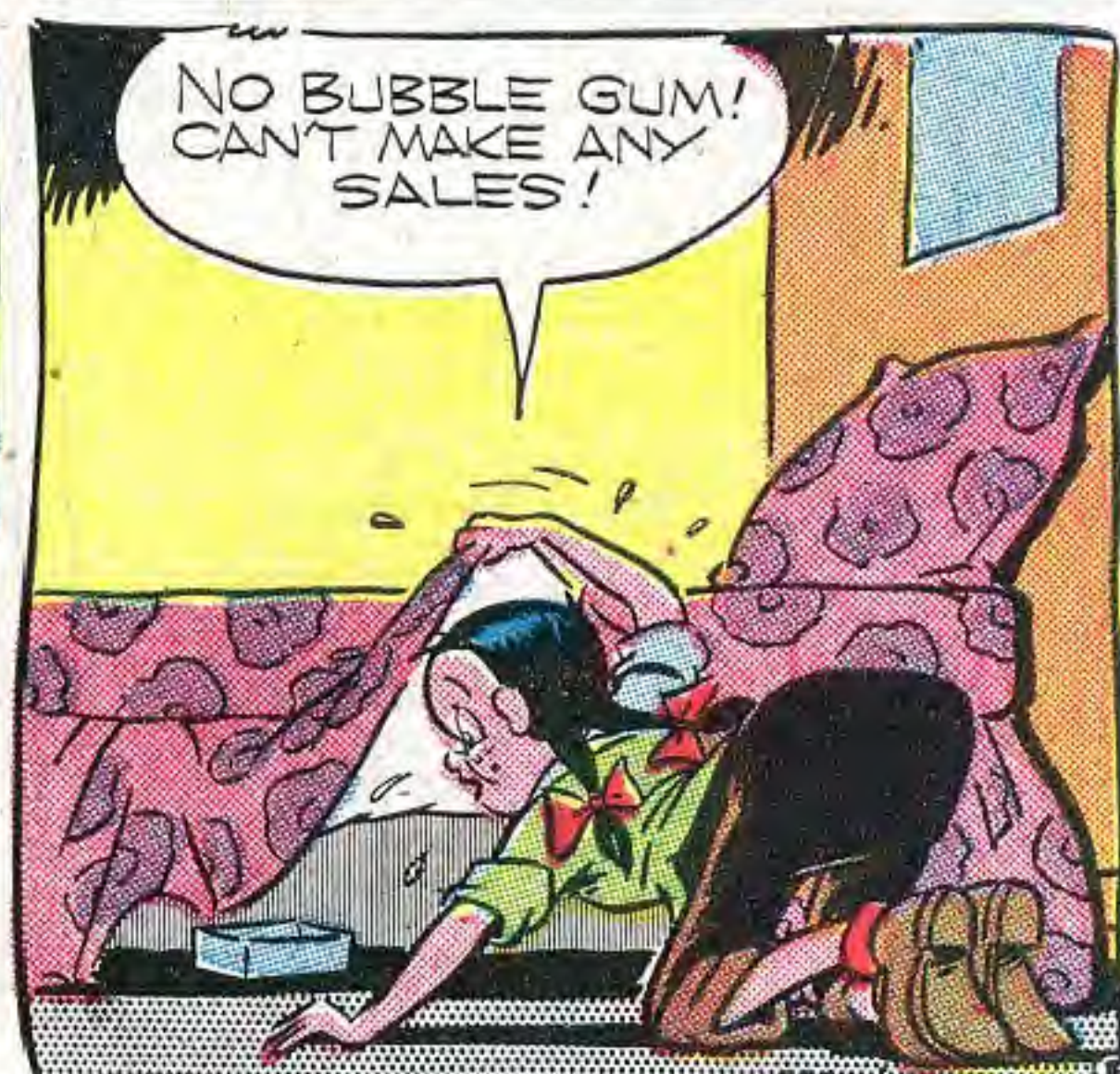
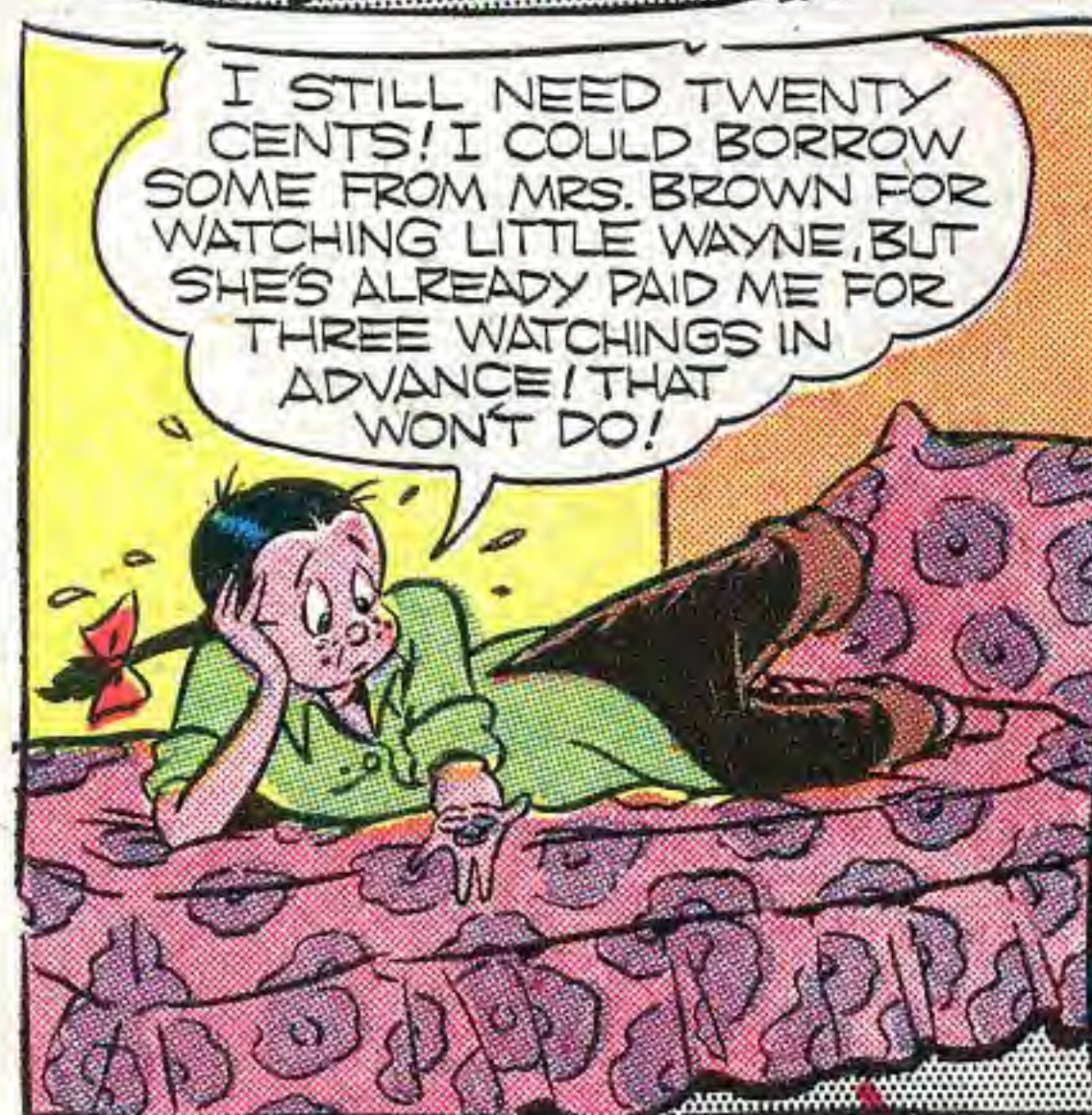
JINGLE

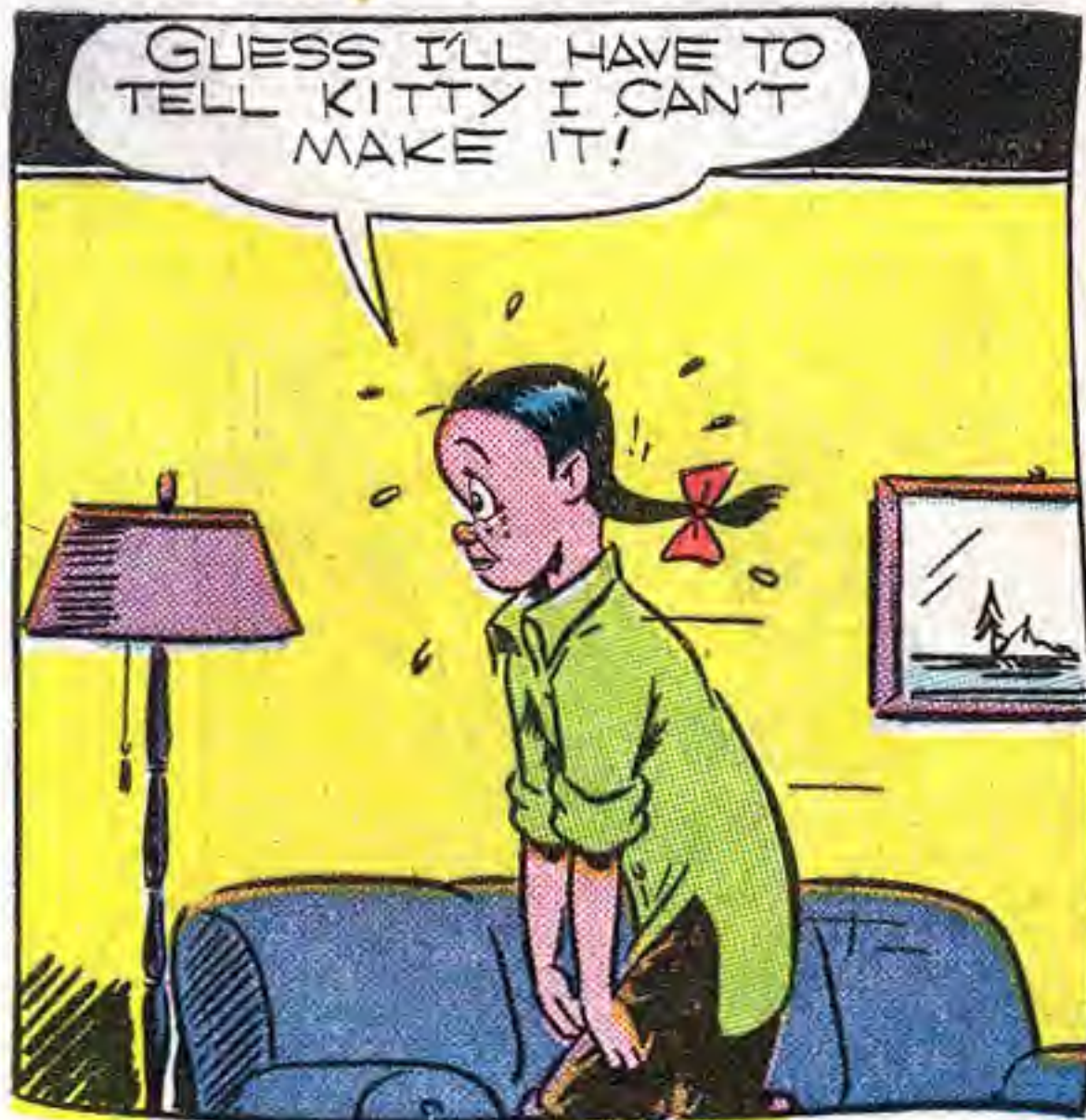
JINGLE



ONLY SEVENTEEN
CENTS! THAT'LL NEVER
DO!!







Funny? IT'S A RIOT!

A TORNADO OF GIGGLES--AN EARTHQUAKE OF MIRTH! AND ALL IN THAT HEP, HOWL-PRODUCING MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT EVERYONE TALKING... AND LAUGHING!

IT'S STREAMLINED FOR SMILES!

So remember...
YOURS FOR GIGGLES
-- and
RESERVE
YOUR COPY
NOW!



only
10¢

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and BETTER THAN EVER!



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Steel
Construction*

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Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

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- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

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It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

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...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!**

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Men's
Genuine **STERLING
SILVER**



*"The
New
Yorker"*

Personalized **INITIAL RING**

Only **\$3.98**

**With TWO
SPARKLING
SIMULATED
DIAMONDS**

Now you can have a massive Sterling Silver ring with YOUR OWN GOLD PLATED INITIAL and two gleaming simulated DIAMONDS at our amazingly low price! Actually compares in appearance with rings selling from \$75 to \$50 higher. Now you can appear to be as prosperous as many bankers and big city playboys who wear similar rings selling for hundreds of dollars. Why pay a fantastic sum? Order your own "personalized" initial ring now. Makes an ideal gift, too! **SEND NO MONEY!** Just send name, address and ring size. (String or strip of paper will do.) Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus 20% fed. tax and few cents postage. Or send \$4.78 and we pay postage. **ACT NOW!** Return in 10 days for refund if you don't agree it's the best ring buy you have ever seen.

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**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

**A Real Money-Maker For You . . . Because
FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

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JUKE BOX BANK



\$1.98
Post
Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins In
Slot and Press-In!

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty